

THE LIVING AGE.

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IN THE CASCINE.

I.

Here Shelley wrote; the immemorial
trees
Have felt his passing through each
dene and glade;
Have bent and whispered while the
mysteries
Of deathless things were woven in
their shade.
The wind that turns the shivering pop-
lar white,
The nightingale that throbs upon the
night,
Still haunt the shadows where a
poet's soul hath strayed.

II.

And I have moved upon the self-same
earth
He trod, have gazed upon the golden
tide
Of Arno, where her far-flung, rippled
mirth
Meets with Mugnone, leaps and
broadens wide.
By banks of emerald and sandy beach
She dims and shrinks again, long reach
on reach,
While the tall slender trees fade off
on either side.

III.

The tasselled hyacinth caressed his
feet;
The great reed rose and rustled
where he stood
Upon the river's brink; in dingle sweet
The young leaves bowed before him
through the wood.
Peace was about his passing; heaven's
light
Fell cool upon his gracious forehead
bright,
And saw that he was fair, and knew
that he was good.

IV.

The dome of blue whereon his winged
soul
Wheeled like an eagle through the
ether still;
The plains that melt and glow and on-
ward roll;
Carrara's mist and marble, where
they fill

The far horizon—all together brought
Under the ragged Apennines—have
wrought

This gold and azure cup wherein he
drank at will.

V.

Not so the hour when from his spirit
rose
The solemn anthem of the great west
wind.
Then, through red gloaming and the
stormy close
Of autumn, he went forth in might
to find
The river burdened with her latter
rains;
Earth's thickened breath lie heavy on
the plains;
And open to his cry the immortal
Mother's mind.

VI.

Harper of all the ages, giant free,
Roaming on earth's deep bosom as of
yore,
Greater than thou is this he wrote of
thee.
Enduring as thyself for evermore,
Shelley's melodious miracle shall reign
For generations' joy, and still main-
tain
Whilst thou dost herd the cloud and
bring the wave to shore.

Eden Phillpotts.

The Outlook.

THE MOOR GRAVE.

I lie out here under a heather sod,
A moor-stone at my head; the moor-
winds play above.
I lie out here—in graveyards of their
God
They would not bury desperate me
who died for love.
I lie out here under the sun and moon;
Across me bearded ponies stride, the
curlews cry.
I have no little tombstone screed, no
"Soon
To glory shall he rise!"—but death-
less peace have I.

John Galsworthy.

The Nation.

PLOTS AND PERSONS IN FICTION.

It is very common for a beginner in fiction to be advised to give his attention and study chiefly to his plot. "Make your plot quite clear before you begin: write out the whole of your plot before you make a start." And yet this does not seem to have been the method of many of our favorite novelists. Scott, Thackeray, George Eliot and Trollope have, for example, all accused themselves with more or less blame of not working out their plots clearly before hand; and Scott and Thackeray especially confess to having left the working out of the plot to luck or to fate. Dumas is a strong instance on the other side and supplies Thackeray with a contrast to himself; but then Dumas is emphatically a novelist of adventure, and the characters of his amazing heroes are at once above and below humanity. Again, the works of Gaboriau or the *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, however great they are in their own way, are examples of imaginative work in which we know that individual character is willingly sacrificed for the sake of the story. In the novel of character and manners, on the other hand, whether historical or modern, however great the drama may be, however well the history is unfolded, I think we may believe the opinion of M. René Bazin—"The characters of a novel," he writes, "are mostly much older in the reserved places of the mind than the plot in which they are grouped."

It is interesting to consult the English novelists already mentioned, because their confessions support each other to a curious extent, and also because they so rarely give us any confidences as to their own work. Sir Walter Scott would tell you anything about his dogs, his guns and the man who was carving his study table, but

he rarely let you know anything at all as to how his own work was done. Two volumes of letters, two more of diary, seven of biography—that is eleven volumes in all—are at our disposal, telling us much about Sir Walter as a man but hardly anything about the novelist. Two volumes of George Eliot's letters give only one valuable hint on the matter. Thackeray has half a page in *Roundabout Papers*; and in all these cases it is on the question of plot that they can and will talk. And in doing so they throw side lights on the deeper questions of inspiration and the laws of art.

Having ended the second volume of *Woodstock* [writes Sir Walter] last night, I have to begin the third this morning. Now I have not the slightest idea how the story is to be wound up to a catastrophe. I am just in the same case as I used to be when I lost myself in former days in some country to which I was a stranger. I always pushed for the pleasantest road, and either found it or made it the nearest. It is the same in writing, I never could lay down a plan, or, having laid it down, I never could adhere to it; the action of composition always diluted some passages and abridged or omitted others; and personages were rendered important or insignificant, not according to their agency in the original conception of the plan, but according to the success, or otherwise, with which I was able to bring them out. I only tried to make that which I was actually writing diverting and interesting, leaving the rest to fate. I have been often amused with the critics distinguishing some passages as particularly labored, when the pen passed over the whole as fast as it could move, and the eye never again saw them, except in proof. Verse I write twice and sometimes three times over. This may be called in Spanish the *dar donde diere* mode of composition, in English *hab nab at a*

venture; it is a perilous style I grant, but I cannot help it. When I chain my mind to ideas that are purely imaginative—for argument is a different thing—it seems to me that the sun leaves the landscape, that I think away the whole vivacity and spirit of my original conception, and that the results are cold, tame and spiritless. It is the difference between a written oration and one bursting from the unpremeditated exertions of the speaker, which have always something of the air of enthusiasm and inspiration. I would not have young authors imitate my carelessness, however; *consilium non currum cape*.

The following quotation from Thackeray is even more interesting, because it has a more personal note, and one not without pathos. I give it entire, although it does not at once touch upon the point, as it would be a pity to shorten it:

I tell you I would like to be able to write a story which should show no egotism whatever—in which there should be no reflections, no cynicism, no vulgarity (and so forth), but an incident in every other page, a villain, a battle, a mystery in every chapter. I should like to be able to feed a reader so spicily as to leave him hungering and thirsting for more at the end of every monthly meal.

Alexandre Dumas describes himself, when inventing the plan of a work, as lying silent on his back for two whole days on the deck of a yacht in a Mediterranean port. At the end of the two days he arose and called for dinner. In those two days he had built his plot. He had moulded a mighty clay to be cast presently in perennial brass. The chapters, the characters, the incidents, the combinations were all arranged in the artist's brain ere he set a pen to paper. My Pegasus won't fly, so as to let me survey the field below me. He has no wings, he is blind of one eye certainly, he is restive, stubborn, slow; crops a hedge when he ought to be galloping, or gallops when he ought to be

quiet. He never will show off when I want him. Sometimes, he goes at a pace which surprises me. Sometimes, when I most wish him to make the running, the brute turns restive, and I am obliged to let him take his own time. I wonder do other novel-writers experience this fatalism? They *must* go a certain way in spite of themselves. I have been surprised at the observations made by some of my characters. It seems as if an occult power was moving the pen. The personage does or says something, and I ask, "How the Dickens did he come to think of that?" (Thackeray, *Roundabout Papers*, "De Finibus").

Trollope, less great as a creator, has a good deal of the almost opposed gift of analysis, and he has an admirable chapter of advice to novelists very superior to the admonitions they sometimes receive. He writes thus in it:

I have never troubled myself much about the construction of plots, and am not now insisting specially on thoroughness in a branch of work in which I myself have not been very thorough. I am not sure that the construction of a perfected plot has been at any time within my power. But the novelist has other aims than the elucidation of his plot. He desires to make his reader so intimately acquainted with his characters that the creatures of his brain should be to them speaking, moving, living human creatures. This he can never do unless he know those fictitious personages himself, and he can never know them unless he can live with them in the full reality of established intimacy. They must be with him as he lies down to sleep, and as he wakes from his dreams. He must learn to hate them and to love them. He must argue with them, quarrel with them, forgive them and *even submit to them*. He must know of them whether they be cold-blooded or passionate, whether true or false, and how far true and how far false. The depth and the breadth, and the narrowness and the shallowness of each should be clear to him. And as here, in our outer world,

we know that men and women change, become worse or better as temptation or conscience may guide them, so should these creations of his change, and every change should be noted by him. On the last day of each month recorded, every person in his novel should be a month older than on the first. If the would-be novelist have aptitudes that way, all this will come to him without much struggling, but if it do not come I think he can only make novels of wood.

It is so that I have lived with my characters, and thence has come whatever success I have obtained. There is a gallery of them, and of all in that gallery I may say that I know the tone of voice, and the color of the hair, every flame of the eye, and the very clothes they wear. Of each man I could assert whether he would have said these or the other words; of every woman whether she would then have smiled or so have frowned. When I shall feel that this intimacy ceases, then I shall know that the old horse should be turned out to grass. That I shall feel it when I ought to feel it, I will by no means say. I do not know that I am at all wiser than *Gil Blas*' canon; but I do know that the power indicated is one without which the teller of tales cannot tell them to any good effect.

Charlotte Brontë in a deeply-touching Preface to *Wuthering Heights* insists, to what might be considered almost a dangerous degree, on the helplessness of the "nominal artist" when "statue hewing." Was she not also conscious as she wrote of the strange judgments and condemnations which her own work had provoked as well as that of her dead sister? There is a singular pathos in this review and defence of a work of genius which had met with no success during the author's life. In it we can see that the successful sister is sore at heart that Emily had passed unrecognized out of a world that had been singularly sad and lonely for them both. It is also a fine bit of criticism.

Whether it is right or advisable to create beings like Heathcliff [wrote Currer Bell of the hero of *Ellis Bell*] I do not know: I scarcely think it is. But this I know; the writer who possesses the creative gift owns something of which he is not always master—something that, at times, strangely wills and works for itself. He may lay down rules and devise principles, and to rules and principles it will perhaps for years lie in subjection; and then, haply without any warning of revolt, there comes a time when it will no longer consent to "harrow the valleys or be bound with a band in the furrow"—when it "laughs at the multitude of the city, and regards not the crying of the driver"—when, refusing absolutely to make ropes out of sea-sand any longer, it sets to work on statue-hewing, and you have a Pluto or a Jove, a Tisiphone or a Psyche, a Mermaid or a Madonna, as Fate or Inspiration direct. Be the work grim or glorious, dread or divine, you have little choice left but quiescent adoption. As for you—the nominal artist—your share in it has been to work passively under dictates you neither delivered nor could question—that would not be uttered at your prayer, nor suppressed nor changed at your caprice. If the result be attractive, the World will praise you, who little deserve praise; if it be repulsive, the same World will blame you, who almost as little deserve blame.

A great work of fiction, in which the construction appears to have been well blocked out except for its last chapters, is *Adam Bede*. It has the unity and the development of a great musical composition, the proportions of a Gothic Cathedral, the merciless grandeur of the laws of nature. Yet we know from one of George Elliot's letters that the only materials with which she was conscious of setting out on her great task were the personality of Dinah Morris and the scene in the prison. No doubt there were in the recesses of her mind all the experiences that went to make up Adam himself. Mrs. Poyser,

and all the rest of that great company, but directly they came together and became alive they wrought out the plot for themselves as we all make and mar our lives upon this earth. That is surely the great main truth of the novel which deals with human nature. If you have the power to bring human beings into life at all they will act out their lives almost independently of their authors. George Elliot watches Dinah Morris becoming very unlike her living prototype; Thackeray is astonished at the sayings of his characters and asks where did they get such notions; Charlotte Brontë groans in one of her letters because the heroine she intended to be "the most beautiful" character will give place to the very imperfect one in *Villette*; Scott follows his characters along the easiest road to keep up with them; and who could suppose for a moment that Dickens decided where and when David Copperfield was to meet Micawber. He was quite as surprised as any one else to find him at Salisbury with Mrs. Micawber and the twins, because that great man thought it would be rash not to visit Salisbury Cathedral.

But it is well to keep to the serious side of the question. No one will deny that we do greatly make or mar our lives by the marring or the making of character, and the greatest drama is the unfolding of the action of the will as it adheres to or thwarts the Divine purpose. Two weak wills, harmless, but pleasure loving, are the materials for awful tragedy in *Adam Bede*; and one soul of heroic purpose, of real saintliness, saves them both. It is the history of the human race. And the artist at the zenith of her powers was overmastered by her characters. George Elliot might deny a future life. Dinah Morris, Adam Bede and the fallen Hetty know that they are to rise again.

The working out of character is the

ordinary story of our lives and is the most appropriate subject of art—because it falls completely within the scope of human action. Anna Karénina is a supreme instance of this method of construction arising out of character. From Anna's smile when she first appears leaving the railway carriage at Moscow to the last glimpse of Anna's dead face in the ghastly tragedy of the railway station at the end, there has been no necessity of fate, no overwhelming pressure of external circumstance, it has been the awful history of the corruption of character.

There is in both books indeed—*Adam Bede* and *Anna Karénina*—a great sense of fate, but it is of fate attending on the action of the human will. "There is a providence that shapes our ends rough hew them how we will"; still it is the ordinary working out of God's laws of justice and mercy discernible in human life, rather than His extraordinary interpositions, that best befits our feeble human workmanship.

It is not, however, intended here to deny a vast range to fiction in the delineation of circumstances, internal and external, or in depicting the insoluble mysteries any human story must present if it is true to life. There are all the mysteries of heredity, there are circumstances that seem to make the action of the will almost, but not quite, impossible. There are all the great miseries of life;—war, pestilence, as in *I Promessi Sposi*; superstitions as in *Silas Marner*; children brought up to vice, men that seem never to have seen light and others who fell away from being educated in a too religious atmosphere; false notions of honor, of duty of sacrifice;—all these make fit subject matter for innumerable novels, and are all more or less fitted for art according as they create or make real to us the men and women whom it is the object of the book to present to us.

When and how far the elements

which make the life of a novel are planned and intended it is very difficult to analyze. In such a book as *The Bride of Lammermoor*, Scott undoubtedly started with an idea of fatality that produced an atmosphere in which the characters have very little independence, whereas in *The Heart of Midlothian* character is the unfailing motive power. And there can be no doubt which is the greater of the two books. Again, Silas Marner is the victim of superstition and circumstance, but the great artist draws him back to life by the working of self denial in the course of love, and that the love of a child. It is by a change in his character produced by love that the man is brought back to his own place in creation out of which he had been thrust by the cruelty of a false religion.

A very interesting comparison might be drawn out between the two great masterpieces of Tolstoy, *Anna Karénina* and *La Paix et la Guerre*. The one as we have said depends on no outward catastrophe, in it there is no inevitable tragedy: it is the failure of a will that might have conquered. In *La Paix et la Guerre* we have the fearful element of war as the avenging scourge of God. It has one great tragic movement, and passes on almost regardless of individual lives, indeed, only one of its mass of personages passes alive right through the book. It is magnificent; it has many of the most awful elements of human fate: but it leaves in my memory only one living creation—that of the little, foolish, unloved woman, who died at the birth of her child, and on whose dead face her husband read a look at once injured and surprised.

We may be deeply impressed by such a great book, as teaching great lessons and widening our mental horizon; but what above all we ask of fiction is that touch of nature which makes us all akin. And it is in character beyond

all else, beyond the sense of fate, beyond the varieties of circumstance, beyond the sunshine or moonlight of romance that we touch the springs of life. It may be that some trifling or absurd detail, by the force of its truth, brings us into such close relation with a personage in fiction that he or she becomes from that moment not something of which we have read, but somebody whom we have known. Of course the whole character must be worthy of the detail that has proved to be the moment of revelation, but the detail has been the means of our touching on some vital connection between the picture and the mind of the reader. What does it matter who the characters are or where they lived, whether it be Mrs. Poyser scolding Dinah for being unselfish, or Louis XI giving dinner to the Burgundian envoy, or Elizabeth Bennett refusing Mr. Collins, or Jeanie Deans realizing that Effie has become ashamed of her sister, or Levin's low spirits before his marriage with his beloved Kitty, or "La Morte" taking the poison from her husband with a smile, or Lucy Snowe concealing her birthday present from the French professor, or Claverhouse giving orders for the removal of the dead body of Habakuk Mucklewrath and the cure of his horse's shoulder, or Kim enjoying the strong language of the old lady on her pilgrimage, or the little minister jumping the gooseberry bush in the Manse garden, or Becky Sharp throwing Johnson's *Dictionary* into the shrubs, or Mr. Pecksniff describing the charms of his dead wife who "had a little property," or Fergus MacIvor, Vich Ian Vohr, of Glennaquoich, consoling Waverley for what he himself was about to suffer? In all these things, great or small, whether they have in them tears or laughter, they have one thing undoubtedly, and that is life. No need in great things or small to draw out the moral on the author's part; all

that we need ask of him is to give us life, and the rest we must do for ourselves.

It is not chiefly the enjoyment of our critical faculties or the satisfaction of our moral judgment that we ask for in a novel, although we cannot be wholly satisfied without these activities.

Nous demandons à une œuvre de roman [writes René Bazin] qu'elle nous fasse penser, mais bien plus encore qu'elle nous fasse aimer, souffrir, espérer. Il y a là un mystère, parce que nous touchons à quelque chose de semblable à la vie et de semblable à la création. Je ne prétends pas l'expliquer.

It is not, however, to be supposed that there is no order, no method, no composition in the work of the novelist who gives himself up to the influence of the living characters he has evoked. It is very hard to be perfectly truthful in the description of character, never to be tempted into melodrama, or weakened into false pathos, never to play up to popular morality, nor to play down to popular immorality, to be always firm and impartial to a favorite character, to be gentle with a villain. But where there is truth and life there will be organic structure, and fine proportion arising out of the moral history of the characters themselves. This is so where self-restraint is practised and constancy to the main theme. Of course there is a liberty from rule that loses the main object in license. Who does not feel that the magnificent and adorable creations of *Les Misérables* would have gained not lost if Victor Hugo had

The Dublin Review.

not indulged each of his personages in turn regardless of the others, and had not neglected all his spoilt children at any moment for any passing caprice?

A critic has calculated that there are exactly 985 useless pages in that colossal novel. Yet no one, it may be said in conclusion, has said better than Victor Hugo that in literature, as in politics, order is the result of liberty—only in his latter years he was prone to forget that disorder is the inevitable consequence of license. The following passage is from the Preface of 1826 to the *Odes et Ballades*—a few pages of quite remarkable interest dealing with the poetic controversies of the day but applicable to prose fiction, and containing in one phrase, which we have put in italics, a lesson of supreme importance.

Ce qu'il est tres-important de fixer, c'est qu'en littérature, comme en politique, l'ordre se concilie merveilleusement avec la liberté, il en est même le résultat. Au reste, il faut bien se garder de confondre l'ordre avec la régularité. *La régularité ne s'attache qu'à la forme extérieure; l'ordre résulte du fond même des choses, de la disposition intelligente des éléments intimes d'un sujet.* La régularité est une combinaison matérielle et purement humaine; l'ordre est pour ainsi dire divin. Ces deux qualités si diverse dans leur essence marchent fréquemment l'une sans l'autre. Une Cathédrale gothique présente un ordre admirable dans sa naïve irrégularité; nos édifices français modernes, auxquels on a si gauchement appliqué l'architecture grecque ou romaine, n'offrent qu'un désordre régulier.

Josephine Ward.

AS AN INDIAN SEES AMERICA: THE YELLOW AD-MAN.

BY MR. SAINT NIHAL SING.

I.

Americans are great advertisers. Probably there is no other nation in the world which advertises more extensively or spends more time, money and effort in developing the genius of advertisers amongst men and women. The advertising appropriation of the large American firms often mounts up into the millions. It has come to be a common saying that, no matter whether a thing has merit or not, if it is properly advertised, it is bound to sell and make a fortune for its financial backers. It naturally follows that in a country where advertising is given such a prominent place in business, the salaries paid to artists, copy-writers, designers and those who "evolve" the ideas which form the pivotal point of the "ad" are princely, and the specialists in these lines are held in great respect and esteem.

It is apparent to a student of American conditions, however, that the American genius for advertising is showing signs of degenerating, just as the talent for newspaper-writing has done. Even the most conservative newspapers in the United States to-day are evincing a disposition to turn "yellow"—as the sheets which exclusively retail sensational news in a manner which appeals to the emotions are commonly called. The "yellow" reporter and editorial writer are a *fait accompli*. So is also the "yellow" photographer, who produces spurious pictures to order, making them to suit the occasion. But the taint of sensationalism does not stop there. In America they have, as well, the "yellow" writers, designers and illustrators of advertisements.

Vast sums of money and tireless efforts are spent on advertisements in an endeavor to make them of such a char-

acter that they will attract the public by arresting the attention of the people who see them. The aim is to take advantage of the native curiosity of the reader, stimulating the desire to know that which is hidden, causing inquiry respecting the goods advertised and thus paving the way for enormous sales. Therefore, "catchiness" is an essential feature of an advertisement just as it is the keynote of the headlines, of the opening paragraph, of the substance of the article and of the photographs published in a newspaper. The people have a craving for sensations. They revel in thrills. They are willing to pay a price for the sake of experiencing a new emotion. The newspaper-maker, anxious to amass dollars, long ago discovered this trait of American nature and took advantage of it by retailing the sort of sensational matter which the American public craves for. Likewise ad-men are springing up like mushrooms in early spring everywhere in the country, who are willing and anxious to gain their end by making the advertisements yellow—sensational.

A foreigner who girdles the country with eyes wide open and ears ever ready to listen to new facts, considers the work of the sensation-monger in the realm of advertising as conspicuous as the yellow-writer's flaming headlines and made-up stories. Sometimes the yellowness of an advertisement is smoothed down so as not to be too glaring, but usually no effort is made to hide its uncomeliness. In fact, the effect purposely is made impressionistic. Real art in advertising may attract a certain small percentage of the reading public, but as a rule it is useless as a means to rouse into activity the emotions of the people, whose appetite

for unusual effects has become jaded by over-indulgence. It is necessary for the ad-writer to-day to hammer hard at the people he desires to entangle in his net, and stun them into buying the wares he advertises, without their questioning the merits or the necessity that may exist for purchasing them. The clever copy-writer makes it his business to persuade people that they want something for which they really have no need. For instance, a man may be perfectly healthy, but the advertising manager who makes it his business to push the sales of some kind of patent medicine attempts to persuade him that he is in a precarious condition, and that nothing but the remedy advertised will cure him. Advantage is taken of the fact that even a healthy person sometimes has twinges of pain and feelings that may be construed into symptoms of some dreadful disease. A list of these simple symptoms is printed, with the question, "Do you ever feel like this?" The natural conclusion is that if you do, then the grave will claim you if you do not use the medicine advertised, which is the only remedy for the disease that has you in its clutches. So insidiously are these patent-medicine advertisements worded that they catch hold of the subconscious brain and never let go their grip until the person who reads the list of symptoms acknowledges that he is subject to them, and becomes an invalid, patronizing, of course, the firm that is advertising the cure for what ails him. One of the most forceful advertisements of this description that ever was perpetrated on the unsuspecting public showed the discoverer of the medicine advertised standing in the midst of a cemetery. About him played flashes of lightning, and as he held out his hands the dead were rising from their graves. Accompanying the picture was a list of symptoms and the sug-

gestion that the reader might suffer from one or all of them. This advertisement was so startling as to be positively uncanny. From every blank wall and bill-board it stared at the passer-by, until the most casual reader began to take notice of it and to check up the list of symptoms to see if he had any of them. The advertisement was the means of flooding the coffers of the medicine firm with hundreds of thousands of dollars.

An instance of advertising which stuns by its very bluntness is found in the placard which may be seen in American saloons and cigar stands and which reads something like this:—"If your business interferes with drinking (or smoking, as the case may be) cut out your business." Evidently the writer of this advertisement wished to be funny. If he attempted to be witty, so far as the writer can analyze the thing, he failed miserably. It would appear that such an advertisement would have an opposite effect from the one intended—would bring prominently to the minds of sensible men the banes of drinking and smoking; but the designers of the advertisement in question and those of a like nature deal with people who have more emotion of a low order than common sense. Thus a yellow advertisement of this description appeals to their undeveloped sense of humor, captures their sentimentality and proves the means of bringing an immense volume of business to the advertiser.

After conferring abundantly with the heads of advertising departments of several of the leading business houses in America, the writer is fast coming into the belief that the aim of the ad-man is to fence in such a manner that the good sense and reasoning ability of the advertisement reader is successfully eluded, and then fire at him, in a hypnotic manner, a volley of syllogistic reasoning, calculated to

touch his passion for greed, or appeal to his fear of death or appetite for sensation, or some such emotion, usually not of a very dignified order.

II.

It appeals to a foreigner's sense of humor to observe the clever devices the yellow ad-designer applies to capture the attention of the passer-by. Not long ago, in a metropolitan American city, two men, representing typical "hay-seeds"—people who wear garments and affect manners scores of years behind the times and are in every sense of the word egregiously out of date—travelled about the principal streets of the city on roller skates. One of the parties wore woman's clothes—hat, and veil, jacket, skirt, petticoat, stockings and shoes in vogue in the rural districts fifty years ago, and loomed truly ridiculous in these fantastic garments. Wherever the hay-seeds went they attracted crowds of people who raced after them in long processions. Once in a while the man would turn in his hand the old-fashioned satchel which he carried, and the people following the couple would see the advertisement of a roller-skating rink which was about to be opened. They became such a nuisance that the city authorities arrested one of the men on the charge of appearing in public dressed in woman's clothes, and thus put a period to this freakish advertising novelty.

Another firm had a man dressed in the costume of an old-time Quaker walk about the streets. He attracted attention wherever he went. A theatrical manager advertised the play which he was putting before the public by sending up into space a huge box-kite which was attached to a rope and held captive. To the rope were fastened little banners bearing letters which spelled the name of the play. At night an electric flash-light lit up the

portion of the rope bearing the name of the drama, and the effect was startling, as the banners seemed to be suspended in space in a blaze of light coming from a point that could not be located. Another theatrical advertising man employed a large captive balloon to advertise his production, which contained a scene in which a balloon ascension formed the climax.

It is really an engrossing study to detect the clever, and in many cases, what by the *Old World* would be called, unscrupulous, methods employed in America to disguise the "advertiseness" of the advertisements. This statement at first sight may sound paradoxical; but the conundrum is easily explained. The effort of the ad-man is to impress the mind of the reader with the usefulness of his products and yet leave the idea that he is not reading an advertisement, but merely editorial comment. In order to achieve this end, several methods are in vogue. Probably the most extensively resorted to device is that of counterfeiting the language and style of the paper or periodical in which the advertisement appears, using similar type and illustrations. If it is a newspaper, headlines in different types are used. If it is a periodical, the effort is made to copy the style of its contributions. In a word, external appearance is of such a character that the uninformed reader is unable to discover that he is reading an advertisement and not a genuine article. The writers of these "reader ads"—as they are called—are adepts in their special sphere of work. All they aim to do is to write an interesting paper on some burning topic of the day. In odd places, in the body of the article, they manage to insert little hints that would win over the confidence of the reader and guide the thought into the channel desired by appealing to the sub-conscious rather

than the conscious mind. This form of advertising is very elusive and sly, and is widely employed in America. In fact, it is considered the most effective form of advertising.

To the people of India this would appear extremely unethical. But if such is the characterization of the reader ads, what shall be the category in which "write-ups" of men, women and things are printed in American newspapers and periodicals which pretend to be of the most exclusive character and of the highest grade, with the tacit understanding that they are to be paid for at regular advertising rates—in many instances a dollar a line and sometimes as high as a thousand dollars a page. These advertisements are printed as news items or "feature stories" in the body of the paper or periodical, and no one who is not initiated in the intricate mysteries of newspaperdom in America has any means of knowing that even the leading American periodicals stoop to using such low and degrading *modus operandi*.

III.

The outside world knows that newspapers and magazines are maintained in America for advancing the political interests of certain individuals—that railroads and large manufacturing and commercial organizations control a number of publications. But the average man in America or out of it has no idea of the extent to which the commercialization of the newspaper and periodical has placed him at the utter mercy of the ad-man. Political, immigration, railroad, manufacturing and industrial bureaus, boards of trade and chambers of commerce, individuals seeking personal aggrandizement and desirous of fulfilling ambitions, taint and tincture the news, prejudicing the editorial policy to such a degree that it is almost impossible to put any credence in what is printed even in the

newspapers and periodicals of so-called approved and established reputation.

Every writer in America finds that the Advertising Manager of the newspaper or the periodical is the real "boss." It is he who dictates the policy, guides and controls the administration of the Managing Editor. If a firm advertises in the publication, nothing that is likely to injure its interests is allowed to see the light of day. If a reporter writes an article inimical to an advertiser's interests, it is consigned to the wastepaper basket and the reporter is reprimanded for attempting such an unholy task. If a concern is afraid of being given unwelcome notoriety, all that is to be done is to telephone to the Advertising Manager, buy a certain amount of space for advertising, and drop a gentle hint that the expense is incurred with the specific purpose of preventing the publication of articles damaging to the commercial organization.

There are, no doubt, publications in America which are conducted on a strictly ethical basis; but their number is extremely limited. The writer knows of some of the most widely-read periodicals which do not hesitate to print an article containing a reader ad, hidden in the article, because immigration and other commercial bureaus have these contributions written by experts of wide reputation and offer them freely to the publications. Furthermore, social and political organizations and so-called newspaper syndicates hold litterateurs in fee, so that they give their exclusive attention to writing articles of a certain type, offering them to the periodicals under their own name and accepting payment for the work from them. This is about the most sly scheme employed in literary work and is engaged in on an extensive scale.

Some of the big business firms have staff-writers who prepare articles in

which the advertisement is hidden in such an insidious way as to be likely to escape the attention of editors, who go through them hurriedly. These articles are then sent to the papers and periodicals as free contributions. The impression is given that they are from the pens of regular subscribers. Every attempt is made to deceive the editors in this respect. The articles are written with pen and ink or pencil on cheap paper instead of being typewritten. Here and there words are deliberately misspelled and poor grammatical construction is used. They are gotten up in such a way as to make it appear they are written by literary amateurs and are mailed from small towns far distant from the office of the concern. The heads of these firms stealing their advertising space in this manner are noted for their probity and business ethics. It never occurs to them that, in engineering schemes of this kind, they are literally making thieves of themselves. They would unmercifully punish a man who might sneak into their offices and steal money from them by picking their pockets, yet they make a regular business of slyly pilfering from editors that which represents their business capital, advertising space in their publications and complacently pat themselves on the back and consider that they have done a clever thing, never questioning the ethics of the proceeding, since they can do no business wrong. The writers of these advertisements are paid certain amounts by the firms, the sums being based upon the circulation of the publications in which the space is stolen. Besides this, the editors frequently pay space rates for the contributions, never dreaming that they are actually reimbursing a thief for stealing their property, and this honorarium represents a bonus to the writer over and above what is received from the firms whose wares they advertise. In the realm

of advertising in the United States, the motto appears to the writer to be: "Do"—an Americanism, which means "cheat"—and the exhortation is:—"Do" the other fellow before he gets a chance to 'do' you."

The genius of the ad-man can be seen in the fact that, in many instances, he is contented merely if the plot of a story is laid in a part of the country which he is advertising, and to which he is attracting immigration, and for this service he is willing to pay the writer of the novel a handsome retainer. The society leaders employ social secretaries and press-agents who make a business of seeing that the names and photographs of their woman patrons are constantly kept before the public eye.

IV.

But it is not only the professional ad-writers who show this propensity to be yellow. The notoriety hunters also adopt plans and employ methods fearfully wonderful in design and audacious in execution. During the early stage of the writer's residence in the States, he was requested by an acquaintance to show him how he tied the turban around his head. The request was gratified. The next day the acquaintance had ten yards of yellow cheesecloth ready and the request was made that the writer should tie the cloth around his head. Then the acquaintance insisted on his obliging him by putting on his own turban and going out for a walk with him. The next day one of the newspapers contained a snapshot of the acquaintance with a half column write-up regarding his life and career and the man gleefully recounted that it was a clever manoeuvre on his part to get the free "boost" from the newspaper.

A number of Americans have adopted Hindu names, styling themselves "Pandits," "Yogis" and "Swamis."

Several of them use the turban as their head-dress and a few enterprising ones clothe themselves in long flowing garb, sometimes even wearing *dhotis*. These people profess to teach Hindu religions and philosophies and tell fortunes. A percentage of them, how large it is impossible to say, use these external symbols merely to enable them to live a life of ease, or have a following of credulous ones. Similarly, schools of hypnotism, mysticism and occultism are scattered all over the United States, and are conducted by men and women who profess to be learned in the Hindu branches of these sciences.

Environment such as this has an unwholesome effect upon Orientals bent upon achieving fame or amassing a competence without conscientiously

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earning it. Not long ago a Turk was to be seen walking the streets of the leading American cities, clad in full Turkish costume. It transpired that, in his native country, the man was constantly in the habit of using European dress, and he was using his native garb just for the sake of advertising. There is, however, no need of finding fault with Easterners who use the fact of their birth or their native costumes to advance their business interests; since Americans who do not have what may be regarded as legitimate claims, are using these devices to decoy their own countrymen. The American has a peculiar genius for "taking" and in this art no other people are his compeers.

HARDY-ON-THE-HILL.

BY M. E. FRANCIS

(Mrs. Francis Blundell.)

CHAPTER VI.

Kitty was walking slowly and somewhat disconsolately up the narrow lane which led past the farm on the hill and wound upwards over the great pasture field and by the copse through various tracts of arable land—all of which belonged to Farmer Hardy—to the downs. It was a glorious autumn afternoon, one of those golden days when the year seems to pause before consenting to decay. The leaves were still yellow and crimson, the berries on the spindle-bushes still clove to their twigs, though each little rosy pod had burst, displaying an orange seed. The light, sinking low at this hour, transformed every insignificant bramble-vine to a trailing-glory, burnished the thorny interlaced branches that took up so large a share of the hedgerow till they formed what seemed a fiery network amid the sparse leafage, and turned the more heavily

clad saplings of hazel and birches to golden sheaves. The place was very solitary. As Kitty plodded onwards no sound fell upon her ear except such as were caused by her own light footfalls and the occasional twitter of a bird or a rustle of its light wings. Now and then a hedge-sparrow or a linnet darted from its place of concealment and fluttered for a little way ahead of her, its wings becoming momentarily translucent, and, as seen thus against the glowing sky, appearing to assume the texture and transparency of those of a moth. Overhead a flock of peewits was sailing in evident enjoyment, wheeling hither and thither, now stretching itself out a long string of scarcely distinguishable dots across the sky, anon gathering into a compact mass.

At length Kitty had reached a point of the hill, where the path ran along a

level tract of land before again dipping into a hollow. On her left was the copse pointed out by Bess some few days before through which ran the Lovers' Walk; on her right a clump of larger trees shadowed an immense wheatfield.

Half idly Kitty climbed the stile and turned into the Lovers' Walk.

Even at this time of year there was fascination and mystery in this wood. A stream tinkled somewhere out of sight; the ground was thickly covered with moss, and the trees through which the path wound were for the most part oaks, beeches, and birches, their straight young stems all steel and bronze in shadow, gold and silver where the ruddy light struck them. The lichens and mosses, which, even at this early stage of growth, had crept along many of their slender limbs, seemed to Kitty's fancy like gleaming emerald serpents twisting themselves amid the branches.

Though the white-stemmed trees were most prevalent, there were firs somewhere in the background which betrayed themselves by their aromatic scent; the ground, moist with early dew, gave forth its own indescribable fragrance; the ivy, the lately fallen leaves, the myriad small green growing things crowded together in that sheltered space—each and all added its own burden of spice to the sweet air.

Kitty paced ever more and more slowly. The Lovers' Walk! Doubtless many simple, happy souls had wandered here. Some, perhaps, had waited long, first hopefully, then anxiously, then with sickening doubt for the coming of the loved one; and all at once he or she had been seen hastening round the bend yonder with outstretched arms, with eager excuses. This was indeed a place to dream in, to make plans for a visionary future; a place of happy meetings and often-postponed partings, a place to which the thoughts of many

might well turn in anticipation or in loving memory.

Kitty sighed involuntarily. It must be nice to be able to look forward, she thought, to feel there was something coming — somebody — the wonderful somebody who would be the centre of one's life, the master of one's fate. Most girls could confidently count upon such experience, but what could the future hold in store for Bess and herself? They had now left childhood behind, yet, in all probability, life held no prizes for them.

Sighing again, Kitty began to picture to herself the imaginary Prince Charming who might, under happier circumstances, have ruled her destiny. She did not want anybody very rich or very grand in the world's estimation, but she would have liked him to be very refined and extremely clever. An artist probably—yes, she would have liked him to be an artist, with keen eyes accustomed to look out for and register effects, and long, slender, mobile hands. A man quick to divine and understand her own feelings and aspirations, who would help and encourage her to make the most of such talent as she possessed—for Kitty, too, had ambitions of her own and delighted in dabbling with color. Best of all, he would have the quickness of intuition, the delicate sympathies which accompany the artistic temperament. How delightful to converse with such a man, to rejoice together on the beauty of nature, to meet, each with a full heart, amid such surroundings as these!

Supposing yonder in the distance where the trees parted she were to see the outline of a tall figure—he must certainly be tall—and he would throw his head a little back, watching and waiting for her, for, of course, he would be first at the rendezvous, and then, when he caught sight of her, or when she had announced herself by the rustling of her dress over the

leaves, how he would come striding to meet her!

Kitty closed her eyes and imagined to herself what it would be like to feel one's heart leap at the sound of the rapidly approaching footsteps, and then to see the tall figure come hastening onwards through the trees, and then to meet—to clasp hands!

All at once she opened her eyes with a start. Was she still dreaming, or were these really advancing footsteps which now broke the stillness? Firm and rapid footsteps, unaccompanied by any rustle of skirts. Now, was that indeed a man's form which came towards her, threading its way from tree to tree? A tall figure showing dark, almost gigantic, against the glowing background. Kitty again stood still, uncertain whether to advance or retreat, and another moment revealed the newcomer to be no other than Stephen Hardy. She began to walk onwards, thinking it would appear foolish to fly from his approach, and passed him with a murmured "Good day." He had slackened his pace a moment as though about to speak, but, finding she had no such intention, removed his hat and went on. As they crossed each other, however, he bent a glance upon her, a keen questioning glance—not even Kitty's imaginary Prince Charming could have had a more piercing gaze than that directed towards her by this young farmer.

Kitty vexed herself as she hurried on in her endeavors to account for it. She did not know how much of the ecstasy of her foolish dream still lingered in her flushed face, how much of the light in her dilated eyes, which caused Stephen to marvel as he approached, was due to the sunset which she faced and how much to her inward vision. She slackened her pace now and walked sedately to the further end of the wood, her thoughts still unwillingly taken up with Stephen Hardy. Why

had he looked at her thus? What had he been about to say when she hastened by? What was he doing there in the Lovers' Walk? Was he perchance keeping tryst with some one, and did he in consequence feel her presence an intrusion?

When she arrived at the extremity of the wood she paused a moment, wondering if she could make her way home without again traversing Lovers' Walk. But she found that a deep ditch half full of water surrounded this portion of the copse, totally barring her advance. On the further side of this ditch was the large pasture before mentioned, and farther away to the right a turnip-field, a portion of which was hurdled off for sheep. Even as Kitty stood there a multitude of sounds broke suddenly upon her ear, the bleating of sheep, the tinkling of innumerable bells, dogs barking, men shouting, and presently she saw a white stream pour down the turnip-field from an adjacent slope, the sheep advancing at full speed either because they were driven or because of their eagerness for food. In the space of a moment the hurdled-off patch, till now a sober medley of brown and yellow and green, became a heaving, struggling, white mass, broken here and there by a dark figure of man or dog. Yonder was Stephen crossing the field on his way to the pens. He walked well for a rustic. Yes, at this distance he was a goodly figure of a man, one likely enough to captivate some fine young woman in his own sphere of life.

Kitty turned away with a little smile on her lips and suddenly started on perceiving that she was not alone; a tall girl standing a few paces away from her in the shadow of the wood was watching her furtively. As Kitty, surprised, returned her gaze, she advanced into the light without relaxing for a moment her close scrutiny; a handsome creature, with the flawless

skin of the Dorset peasant, tanned to gipsy brownness without losing its fineness of texture, a rich color in cheek and lip, flashing dark eyes, hair raven black by nature yet now ruddy in the sunset glow—a splendid type of rustic womanhood.

On looking more closely Kitty saw that the girl was poorly clad in a thin cotton dress that clung about a form goddess like in proportions. On one arm was slung a gathered sunbonnet such as only the older village women wore, no jacket or cloak protected her from the tart breeze.

"Good evening," said Kitty, diffidently.

The girl nodded without speaking, and then, stepping past her, swiftly descended the bank, and, supporting herself by the overhanging branch of a willow that grew on the other side of the ditch, swung herself across and continued her way without turning her head.

Kitty stood still and watched her, puzzled and curiously excited by this encounter. How oddly the girl had looked at her—as oddly as Stephen himself, but differently. Kitty, indeed, could not fathom the meaning of that gaze. She had seemed to read in it distrust, defiance—even a kind of reproach. Whence had she come, whither was she going? Though she walked straight across the pasture field she kept to the upper edge of it as though anxious to avoid detection, stepping along quickly, with a perfect ease and grace of carriage—the grace of the wild creature, the freedom of limb possessed by the colt as yet unbroken to the yoke, by the deer which roams the woods, a stranger to man and his ways.

Now she was crossing a hedge and making her way along the turnip-field. Could she be seeking for Stephen? No, she made no effort to approach him, and as his back was turned towards

her he did not even perceive her advance. When she arrived at the further end of the field in question, however, and when she had climbed the bank which separated it from the next, Kitty noticed that she paused and looked back, it seemed to her, in the direction where the farmer stood. A moment she remained thus poised on the summit of the bank, her thin draperies fluttering in the breeze, the sunlight slanting across her face, then turning she jumped down on the further side and disappeared.

"Perhaps they have already met," thought Kitty, as she too turned to make her way homewards. The remembrance flashed across her of the foolish words which Bess had jestingly spoken on their return from Mrs. Hardy's tea-party. "I wonder which of us two Farmer Hardy means to fall in love with."

She had been sufficiently shocked by the suggestion then, but now, now that she had seen for herself the kind of girl who took Stephen's fancy, she felt even more humiliated. It seemed to her for some inexplicable reason that Stephen's thus voluntarily lowering himself was a kind of personal affront.

Perhaps it was to meet this girl Stephen had come striding down the Lovers' Walk, and it was, as she had already surmised, surprised displeasure at her own unlooked-for appearance which caused him to gaze so sharply at her.

The girl, too, might possibly have divined that it was on her, Kitty's, account that the tryst had been postponed; this no doubt would account for the resentment in her face.

What could she be? Not a gipsy. She looked too tidy and clean for that, besides her clothes were not ragged enough. Yet surely this was no mate for Stephen Hardy. Even Rebecca must disapprove of such an attachment; perhaps, thought Kitty, it was

on that account that the lovers kept their meetings secret.

Oddly enough, she mentioned it to no one. The secret was not hers, and though she could not but feel astonished at Farmer Hardy's choice she would not on any consideration have betrayed him.

Yet, in spite of her vexation at having unwittingly intruded on this romance, the Lovers' Walk held a curious fascination for her and she felt in a manner drawn to re-visit it.

Bess was very busy just then; there were wonderful feats of dressmaking in progress, or rather the altering of dresses to suit the family's changed circumstances; it was difficult to coax her out-of-doors. Kitty, who loved these golden autumn hours, was constrained to wander forth alone, and it was not long after her first visit to the copse that she again found herself halting by the stile which gave access to it. Pausing on the topmost step she looked around her first. The world was all astir to-day; a robin was singing just over her head, the rooks were very busy in an adjacent cornfield. Down among the sheep-pens the ewes were making a great din. The shepherd's hut had taken up its position in the midst of them, and Giles, the shepherd, was walking critically from pen to pen, his white smock catching the light as he moved. That was Farmer Hardy who came riding up now on the bay mare which Bess and Kitty admired so much. He rode round and round, the mare deftly threading her way between the hurdles. Well, since he was on horseback, thought Kitty, there could be no danger of meeting him in the Lovers' Walk; she might safely venture there. Though the place belonged to Farmer Hardy and was the scene of his own tender meetings, it was not in any special way forbidden to the public—indeed, by common consent a certain section of the

public was invited to walk there.

Kitty, therefore, jumped down on the further side of the stile, and paced quietly along the track, endeavoring, but without success, to recall her former daydream. All at once she caught sight of a fluttering pink cotton gown a little ahead of her, and, on insensibly quickening her pace, saw that the same girl she had met before was walking rapidly in front of her. Kitty stopped short just as the girl, who had not seen her, turned abruptly from the path, and, pushing her way through the undergrowth which fringed the road, paused at a place where the bushes grew sufficiently far apart to enable her to look down upon the sheep-field.

She stood and looked, shading her eyes with her hand. As before, her head was uncovered, and as Kitty paused, hesitating, she could not fail to observe the intentness of her expression.

At length, attracted no doubt by her gaze, the girl wheeled and saw her, and to her discomfiture came quickly towards her.

Kitty, deciding that it was better to advance, and endeavoring to look as if she had noticed nothing in particular, began to walk on, intending to brush past the other as quickly as possible, but when they met she found her path barred.

"I see'd ye lookin' at me just now," said the girl; she had a low, rather musical voice, and it trembled as she spoke.

"Yes," returned Kitty, with a nervous little laugh. "I was wondering what you were doing."

"I were a-lookin' down at the sheep-field," retorted the girl. "Anybody m'd do that. I see'd ye doin' it yourself the other day."

"Yes, so I did," said Kitty, coloring faintly. She tried to pass on, but again the other intercepted her—

"I see'd ye lookin' at the sheep and at Farmer Hardy too. Ees, you was a-looking at Farmer Hardy—and a-smillin' to yourself—in a regular stud, you was."

"Really," cried Kitty, uncertain whether to laugh or be angry, "you must have watched me very closely."

"Ees, I did watch ye close," cried the other, raising her voice, "an' so did you watch me close. I see'd ye a-watchin' of I when I was a-standin' on the bank up-along. I see'd ye in your blue dress a-standin' an' a-watchin'."

"Well, perhaps I did," returned Kitty, who did not know what to make of the girl's fierce manner and accusing gaze. "I like watching country people and country things."

"Ye needn't go for to twite I wif that!" exclaimed the girl, and her eyes positively flamed. "I do know very well I be common and country-bred, but ye needn't think to make a mock o' me for that!"

Kitty put out her little hand and touched her gently on the arm. She had not the faintest idea of the girl's meaning, but the sudden dimness of the dark eyes, the quiver of the full red lips sufficiently betrayed wounded feeling.

"You are making some mistake," she said. "I don't understand why you are so vexed, but I can assure you I mean no harm. I'll promise not to come here any more, if it is that which annoys you so much. I can just as well walk somewhere else."

The other looked at her sharply and suspiciously, but presently, disarmed by Kitty's gentle, almost pleading expression, suffered her own face to relax.

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"I don't know whatever you must think of me," she murmured. "I don't know however I came to say sich things, I've a-forgot myself jist about. But oh — nobody knows — nobody knows!"

She turned away abruptly, but not before Kitty had seen the tears upon her face. After a moment's hesitation, Kitty too retraced her steps, and, emerging from the wood, went slowly down the lane towards home.

The whole affair was a mystery to her, but, as before, she kept it to herself. She was conscious, nevertheless, of a certain resentment towards Stephen. Had he quarrelled with his sweetheart, neglected her? What could be the meaning of that sudden cry which seemed to come from her very heart—"Nobody knows—nobody knows!"

It never once occurred to her to suspect that the couple might not be lawful lovers; even had she not been so innocent, so ignorant of evil, it would not have been possible to her to impute a dishonorable course of action to a man like Stephen Hardy. He might be cold, he might be hard, it was quite possible he could be vindictive, but no one could look on Stephen Hardy's face and believe him to be vicious.

Kitty continued to think of the affair with wondering disapproval, now marvelling that a man in Stephen's position should thus apase himself, anon conscious of a feeling akin to indignation as she thought of the girl's distress. She went no more to the Lovers' Walk, however, and gradually, amid the pressure of more personal difficulties and vexations, the incident faded from her mind.

(To be continued.)

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU.

Future historians, if unbiassed by party feelings, will admit that the Third Republic in France was the reign of mediocrities. It does not therefore follow necessarily that this period was wholly one of ill-luck and mismanagement. Nations have, sometimes, had to pay very dearly for the doubtful privilege of being led by a man of genius; whilst, on the other hand, England achieved her most memorable success—the final crushing of Napoleon—when her destinies were in the hands of third-rate statesmen. But no effective legislation, no marked social advance is to be expected in a country ruled by such men.

Two or three notable figures, however, relieve the general dullness of the age. Either by their exceptional talents or by the strength of their character, or by some special achievement they rise in solitary eminence above the nonentities which crowd the political stage. Of these exceptional men, Georges Clémenceau is possibly the most striking.

He was born on September 28th, 1841, near the little country town of Fontenay-le Comte, in that most picturesque district of the Vendée, so well known in the history of our civil wars as *le Bocage*. Clémenceau, *un Vendéen*? Yes, truly, and one in whom the strong, indomitable characteristics of his province are easily recognisable. La Vendée is sharply divided by political traditions. My friend, Count de la Poëze, former député of this province, used to tell me: "In Vendée there is no middle course, no half-way house. You must be *un blanc* or *un bleu*." Clémenceau was *un bleu* by birth and education. His father, an independent gentleman and an M.D., who practised only for the poor, was the leader of the Republican party at Fontenay, and,

for that reason, was thrown into prison after the *coup d'état* of 1851. A man of scientific occupations and artistic tastes, Dr. Clémenceau was an admirable specimen of the Republican of the early days, a noble class, long vanished, whose disinterestedness and unswerving fidelity to their principles commanded the respect of their adversaries. A staunch opponent of the Church, he took care that his eldest boy, when at the public school of Nantes, did not receive any religious instruction. Thus it was that young Clémenceau, when he came to man's estate, had already imbibed a fierce hatred both of the Government of the day and of the Church which gave it its powerful support. On entering the medical school of Paris, he plunged at once into the political agitation which had just broken out anew in the Latin quarter, and which owed its somewhat childish character to the extreme youth of its promoters. He was one of the most earnest *manifestants* at the Odéon on that memorable night which witnessed the fall of *Gaëhana*, the author of which was supposed to be a *protégé* of the Tuilleries; a very poor play, which would, if left to itself, have disappeared from the boards after a few days' inglorious existence. He fought a duel in the woods of Clamart with a man whom he had never seen before, on account of a political joke which he had not heard and which did not concern him personally. He suffered two months' imprisonment for having attempted to celebrate the anniversary of that lamentable day, February 24th, 1848. He threw himself into the conspirator's part in real earnest, and as a clandestine Press is as necessary to that personage's outfit nowadays as the *peruque blonde et collet noir* were in the

time of Barras and Mme. Angot, he went to Geneva to buy the requisite materials, and brought them to Paris by a circuitous route in order to elude the vigilance of the Imperial police, which, possibly, was not watching him at all. Still, his lodgings in Paris were honored with a nocturnal search, and it is said that by pretending to hold the candle to the unfortunate commissary, he so effectually blinded him that he failed to see any suspicious object. M. Clémenceau must smile when he looks back upon these juvenile freaks. He has probably discovered by this time that the Sovereign against whom he was then conspiring was a stouter friend of the people and a more resolute champion of democratic progress than the men who have taken his place.

But Clémenceau was working hard in those years of political madness, as is amply evidenced by his thesis, *Sur la génération des éléments anatomiques*, which gained for him the degree of M.D. Of the scientific merits of the work itself I am no judge; but the foot-notes and appendices reveal the philosopher who was to write at a later date the splendid introduction to *La Mêle Sociale* and the striking pages of *Le Grand Pan*. Soon after the young doctor left for England and America. He remained a short time in London, but settled in New York, whence he sent interesting letters to the *Temps*. He gave his special attention to municipal questions, believing, wrongly I think, that the intense local life which was a necessity in the sparsely populated States of those days, could be transferred with advantage to a country of strongly concentrated powers like our France. It was then that he assimilated doctrines which made him a friend to the principles, though not to the excesses, of the Commune.

While in America he took a step most unfamiliar to that simple generation, though it has become since a feature

of modern life: he married an American lady. The circumstances were unusually romantic. He was giving lessons in French at a young ladies' high-class school, and often rode out into the country with his pupils. Flirtation went apace with equestrianism, until at last he found himself engaged to one of the girls. The engagement, however, was nearly broken off when Miss Mary Plummer learnt that, owing to a "conscience clause," she could be united to her intended husband only by the bonds of a civil marriage. Clémenceau was obdurate, and Love pronounced in favor of Free Thought. When the new Mme. Clémenceau sailed for her future oversea home, she little thought that, a few years later, she would have to recross the ocean alone, after taking leave for ever of her adopted country. I will not inquire into the responsibilities or look into the painful details of the case. All I will retain is "the pity of it."

Clémenceau hastened to Paris at the first news of the war and of our reverses. On the morrow of the Revolution he went straight to his old friend, Etienne Arago, the self-elected Mayor of Paris, and was entrusted by him with the administration of the eighteenth *arrondissement*, the most difficult of all to manage, as was soon to appear from the events which gave the Butte-Montmartre its tragic notoriety. It will be noticed that Clémenceau had taken no part in the overthrow of the Empire, and had nothing in common with that selfish and unpatriotic band, the men of the *Quatre Septembre*. It is true that at first he took service under them, but the connection was soon severed after he had received a direct mandate from the people, since when he remained to the last their sworn enemy. After the failure of the popular movement on October 31st, municipal elections took place in the Parisian

constituencies, and Montmartre confirmed by a large majority the provisional powers of its young mayor. Clémenceau displayed the most wonderful activity; he had already hurried on the armament and the equipment of the local National Guards; he now organized the municipal finances, and provided means for victualling Montmartre, an enterprise which grew every day more arduous. These were efforts in the right direction, but the same praise cannot be given to his overzealous exertions towards secularizing the schools. For my part, I believe that religious teaching is out of place in an elementary school. But was the time well chosen to effect so great a change in the habits of the nation without a special mandate? I leave the answer to the reader.

Clémenceau, a stranger four months before, had gained such popularity when the siege was over, that Paris sent him as one of its representatives to the National Assembly by 96,000 votes. He did not, however, tarry long in the reactionary assembly at Bordeaux, and soon returned to his municipal duties. He was present at the Montmartre Town Hall when the Communist revolution broke out. The War Office had decided to take possession of the guns which were still in the hands of the local battalions of the National Guard. General Lecomte, who had accepted this perilous mission, was decoyed, under pretence of a parley, into the garden of a Montmartre music-hall, where the leaders of the revolutionary force had gathered. His soldiers remained passive, and he was shot after a mock trial. General Clement Thomas, Commander-in-Chief of the Parisian National Guard, who came to his rescue, shared his fate. The conduct of the young Mayor in these painful circumstances has given rise to all sorts of comments. He fought a duel with an officer who had accused him

of being an accomplice in the double murder, and when he appeared as a witness before the Courts-Martial at Versailles, it seemed at every moment as if he were going to be transferred to the prisoner's dock. That Clémenceau had anything to do with the crime is a suspicion not to be entertained for a moment. The only point for discussion is: Did Clémenceau, on March 18th, do all he could to save the lives of the generals? Was he really powerless, as he afterwards explained? His own assertions I have no reason to doubt, and they are confirmed by the undeniable fact that he had lost for a time his moral authority over Montmartre. He had become suspect to both parties: to the Versailles Government because, on theoretical grounds, he advocated an extension of municipal rights; to the Communists because he disapproved of revolutionary means. The latter soon became evident when the new Parisian Government expelled him from Montmartre and ordered his arrest. He would not, however, cast his lot with reactionary France and M. Thiers, but he tried to interpose and bring about a compromise. He became, with Floquet and Lockroy, the founder and apostle of the Ligue des Droits de Paris, and he started a lecturing propaganda through the great provincial towns in order to promote the object of the League. The Government at once stopped his progress. He was again in Paris when the troops entered it, but had to keep out of the way. It is reported, whether the story is true or not I am unable to tell, that a young Brazilian, who resembled him in appearance, was seized by the military, and would have fared ill but for the timely intervention of his Consul.

This did not prevent M. Clémenceau from coming forward a little later and doing his best to shield from ferocious repression the obscure martyrs of what he conceived to be a great and noble

cause. Montmartre in the meantime had returned to its allegiance, and sent him to the Paris Municipal Council, which it hoped should prove a legal Commune. Clémenceau gained considerable influence over that assembly, which made him, in succession, its secretary, vice-chairman, and chairman. There he devoted the whole of his time and attention to the study of all questions connected with the internal administration of the Great City. He had retired voluntarily from the reactionary Parliament of '71, but was returned to the new Assembly elected in February, 1876, and dissolved by the *coup d'état* of May 16th, to receive a fresh mandate from the electors in the following October.

From this time begins a new period in Clémenceau's life. His first speech in the Assembly was in favor of an amnesty, and by this speech he took position among the most advanced Radicals of the day. The Opportunist doctrine which was held by the men of the *Quatre Septembre* and their followers was at the time dominant. They were to retain power for fifteen years, and they managed, by sailing under false colors and calling themselves Radicals, to exceed this term by a few years. So long as they were in office, and their sons, grandsons, nephews, and cousins were provided for, what business had France to demand reforms? In fact, Opportunism was no policy, but merely an apology for one; it meant a *republique bourgeoise* which differed in no way from the fallen *régime* except that it lacked courage, initiative, and intelligence; it meant cowardice, selfishness, and immobility.

Clémenceau fought with all his energy against the Opportunists. In manner, in speech, even in personal appearance he was the living antithesis, the *critique en action* of Gambetta, who was then lending to the reigning clique

the prestige of his powerful rhetoric. I remember seeing them both one afternoon in the Rue des Reservoirs, where chance had made them walk almost on a line. The member for Belleville, in a thick blue overcoat, which made him appear even stouter than he was, was crawling heavily along, while the representative of the Butte, tightly enclosed in a frock coat, stepped briskly out with a jerk that shook his elastic frame. The red, swollen, congested face of Gambetta contrasted with the thin features and the ivory pallor of Clémenceau; so did the exuberant beard, the long untidy hair falling on the greasy velvet collar, with the close-cropped head and the *moustache à la gauloise*. The Clémenceau of the Quartier Latin, the Clémenceau admired of the Stamford girls had beautiful black curls, but the Mayor of Montmartre had sacrificed his juvenile locks on the *autel de la patrie*. In short Clémenceau looked like a cavalry officer in mufti; Gambetta was still the Bohemian student of twenty years' standing, the born speaker of the *bras-series*.

Still more striking was the contrast between the two men at the Tribune. There was something of the actor in Gambetta's oratory. Had he not received lessons of elocution from Coquelin? He acted his great speeches while he delivered them; his arms and the whole of his body took part in the performance. He was at his best when stirring the depths of the soul, and there was drama and pathos in the very vibration of his beautiful, sonorous voice. Clémenceau, on the contrary, spoke slowly, deliberately, with his hands to his pockets, calm and erect, in clear, distinct, but wholly unimpassioned voice, like a professor demonstrating a geometrical theorem. He did not appeal to feelings, but to reason: "*C'est de la dialectique toute crue*," said Camille Pelletan, his first

lieutenant at the *Justice* and in the Chamber. His strength lay in the verbs and substantives, not in the adjectives, like Gambetta's. Those who tried to disturb and disconcert him with an interruption fared ill. The trenchant irony of his instant rebukes on those occasions were even worse dreaded than Gambetta's furious outbursts. After which he went on refreshed and comforted to all appearance by the little incident. The demonstration frequently culminated in some striking and neat formula which presented the whole argument in a nutshell, and which the listeners, however unwilling, could never erase from their memories.

Thus Clémenceau became a power in the Assembly. The party of which he was by almost universal consent the recognized leader was not numerically strong enough to take office in those days, but it could overthrow Cabinets, and Clémenceau took more than his share in such executions. But it must be frankly admitted that his intervention on those memorable occasions, though marked by great oratorical triumphs, was not always conducive to the national interest. He strongly deprecated colonial expansion, and colonial expansion was the one redeeming feature of Opportunism. Activity in that direction could alone revive France, after her crushing defeat, by opening new markets to her declining industries. This Clémenceau would not admit. He went even further, and condemned in a general way all wars of conquest in distant countries and upheld the absolute right of the natives, even when only in a half-civilized state, to control their own destinies without interference from European nations. From a purely philosophical point of view he was undoubtedly right, but philosophers are out of place in a parlia-

ment, because a parliament has to deal, not with absolute theory, but with immediate facts and relative interests. The truth is that, twenty-five years ago, Clémenceau was playing the part of a Jaurès, and he must know by this time what that means. One of his speeches drove Jules Ferry ignominiously from power with a nickname—*le Tonkinois*—that should have been a title of honor. Another speech, four or five years later, obliged M. de Freycinet to retire when he was going to join hands with the English Government in the Egyptian campaign. So ended the "*condominium*" in the valley of the Nile, and the joint control of the Red Sea was irretrievably lost to us. It is impossible for me to congratulate M. Clémenceau on that disastrous achievement.

Most sensible and beneficial, on the contrary, was his action at the time of the Boulangist movement. He had been one of the earliest friends and supporters of the General, but parted company with him when he began to play into the hands of the reactionaries and the so-called Patriots, and was hailed by the first as a second Monk, by the others as a new Bonaparte, a Bonaparte minus genius and victory. Clémenceau denounced in the strongest terms the pseudo-saviour, but once the danger over, he was singled out for revenge by the partisans of the Boulangist coalition and offered as a *victim expiatoire* to the Manes of the General. All sorts of rumors were set in circulation with regard to his financial honesty. "He had, some said, no fortune of his own. As a doctor in Montmartre his practice had never brought him in more than £120. *La Justice*, his newspaper, had never been a paying concern. Where, then, it was wondered, did he get the money which he squandered so freely about the Parisian world of pleasure?" To this malevolent inquiry a malevolent answer

was readily supplied. "He had received enormous sums from the notorious Cornelius Herz; he was the pensioner of the English Government." A document to that effect was produced, and a *facsimile* of it printed in a newspaper. Clémenceau, who had often ascended the Tribune to attack the others, entered it for the first time to defend his own conduct and his personal honor. M. Maurice le Blond, the intelligent and enthusiastic biographer of M. Clémenceau, has given a vivid description of the scene: the enemies eager to pounce on their quarry, the friends overawed and ready to desert; all anxiously expectant. As usual, calm and collected, Clémenceau began his speech in the midst of an icy silence, and wound up amid frantic cheers, having fully vindicated his character and exposed his denounciators. A few days later, before the Court of Assizes, the "document" was proved to be a forgery, and the wretched author of the fraud had to confess his guilt. Public opinion, however, had been worked upon too systematically and too long, and could not be reversed at a stroke. The constituency which Clémenceau had represented for some years (in the department of the Var) declined to renew his mandate in August, 1893. Even now you will meet people who will tell you: "Clémenceau had sold France to foreigners. He drew 100,000 francs a year from the English Embassy." And if you ask them for proofs they exclaim: "What! Proofs? It is well known, *tout le monde le sait*." Basile, that great master of the gentle art of lying, knew well what he was saying: "*Calomniez, calomniez: il en restera toujours quelque chose!*"

M. Clémenceau thus found himself excluded from political life at the very moment when his party was gaining the ascendant. His career had been wasted. Others would reap the fruits

of his lifelong efforts. At fifty-two he had either to retire from the field a disabled warrior or to start life anew. His choice was soon made, and I think that, during the trying period that followed, the most determined adversary could not grudge him his admiration and sympathy. He took refuge in literature, and made a living with his pen. For ten years this pen was wonderfully active, for he contributed articles on all sorts of subjects, literary, artistic, but chiefly social, to a number of Parisian or provincial newspapers of all shades of opinion. Some are mere trifles, but even trifles, if you look into them, have a meaning and a philosophy, which Clémenceau's penetrating insight soon detected. The most characteristic of such articles were collected in book form and published in 1895, under the title of *La Mêlée Sociale*. *Le Grand Pan* followed a year later. Clémenceau tried his hand also at fiction and drama; a play by him was performed at the Renaissance. All these efforts were the outcome of a powerful and versatile intelligence, willing and able to consider all the problems of life in any and every shape. Those who desire to know Clémenceau at his best, both as a thinker and as a writer, should read the Introduction to the *Mêlée Sociale*. He still adhered to that scientific enthusiasm of 1860 which had found its expression in the writings of Huxley and Berthelot. The great hopes of those days had never been realized, and science had had to retrace its steps to a safer ground, but to this Clémenceau would not agree. He was unwilling to see that Darwinism is the gospel of Heredity and the utter condemnation of Democracy. After giving a wonderfully striking description of the conflicting forces which distract modern society, he unexpectedly turns optimistic, and the desperate diatribe ends in a glowing conclusion. Many read-

ers, however, after accepting his fierce denunciations of modern life, will decline to follow him any further, and to believe in the social millennium so eloquently foreshadowed in the last pages. But no one will refuse to admire the artistic beauty of the performance. M. le Blond compares his master to Diderot. I fail to see the likeness. I am myself a warm admirer of Diderot. *Le Neveu de Rameau* was one of the great literary emotions of my youth. There is in Diderot's style an ardent temperature which raised my intellectual faculties to fever heat. Clémenceau's prose is no less brilliant and equally impulsive, but does not make me warm like Diderot's. I feel the compulsion of Logic: passionate logic, yet still logic! Put him at the level of Diderot if you like, but not with him. Equal they may be, not alike. They differ widely in method because they differ in nature.

A great crisis brought Clémenceau back to the front. The Dreyfus affair, which should have been strictly a question of the judicial order, a question of fact, was transformed into a political, religious, racial, and social struggle, which temporarily paralyzed national life, and under the consequences of which France is still laboring. Clémenceau saw his chance and took it. He was furnished with the necessary funds to start a newspaper. The *Aurore* was soon the prominent organ of Dreyfusism. It was the first to publish in its columns the famous pamphlet, *J'accuse*; and it is said that Clémenceau supplied Zola with the stirring, far-sounding title.

I need not here rehearse all the phases of the Affaire, which all Europe followed during three years with the closest attention, and which are still familiar to many readers. It will be enough to say that at the conclusion of the crisis Clémenceau had again become a potent factor in the political

situation. In 1903 the department of the Var sent him to the Sénat as one of its representatives. In this capacity he supported the Combes Ministry, and, in a measure, the Rouvier Cabinet, which had an unwelcome task to perform:—(1) To pacify German susceptibilities and to sign the ridiculous Act of Algeciras; (2) to proceed, though in a reluctant spirit, with the Disestablishment Laws. M. Sarrien's Cabinet came next, M. Clémenceau being Minister of the Interior in that Cabinet. But Euclid asserts that the whole should be greater than its part, and including Clémenceau in a Sarrien Ministry was giving the lie to this axiom. M. Sarrien found it advisable to retire before his too powerful subordinate, shortly after the general elections of 1906, during which Clémenceau had kept in check the forces of Revolution with wonderful ease and vigor.

The new head of the French Ministry was a very different man from the Clémenceau of 1876, whom I have attempted to describe. The black moustache had grown white, the forehead was bare, and the slim elegant figure had turned massive and somewhat heavy. But the characteristics of the face still remained; quickness of conception and indomitable energy. He reminds some of his friends of the Iron Chancellor. I remember Bismarck very distinctly, and, beyond that mixture of irony and strength which is common to both, I cannot recognize the physical likeness to Bismarck any better than the literary likeness to Diderot.

It must be confessed that the first eighteen months of Clémenceau's administration have been a signal success. He owes that success in a great measure to his luck, but we are all aware that luck serves only those who know how to use it, and that the best opportunities are wasted on the slow

and the timid. He owes also much to his colleagues, particularly to M. Pichon, who has proved a valuable foreign Minister, and to M. Briand, whose liberal and temperate, yet firm and practical, mind has done much to bring to an end the great crisis brought about by the Disestablishment Laws. The new relations between Church and State have been placed on a more peaceful and more normal footing. The south, which for a few weeks threatened open rebellion against the central Government, has quieted down. In Morocco the Ministry has acted with prudence and decision and steered clear of the innumerable dangers which beset its way. Chiefly owing to his visits to Marlenbad, Clémenceau is now a European personality, and, since 1870, how many French statesmen have risen to the same position?

The session of 1908 marks, if I am not mistaken, the turning of the tide. The Ministry was pledged to certain financial innovations which savored strongly of Socialism. These were the purchase of the railways by the State and the progressive income tax. The strong conservative spirit which is the soul of the French nation, whatever may be said to the contrary, and however bad our name in the matter of revolutions, was stirred to its depths when the first real attempt was made to pass the initial measures in that direction. It has become apparent that parties are undergoing a radical transformation. Old political labels

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have no meaning for the new generation. Dreyfusism and anti-Dreyfusism have lived their day. Religious enmities are passing out of the sphere of actual politics. Two powers remain face to face: Capital and Labor. The labor men themselves have formulated the antagonism in these terms. The challenge has been taken up, and conservative forces are bracing themselves for a desperate struggle. This means the disruption of the famous Bloc, including, as it did, men who differed widely on social questions. What, then, will become of Clémenceau, who was, if anything, the man of the Bloc, who had invented the name, and who had made the thing a living and active reality? At present his majority is going, and he is standing in wonderful equilibrium over two parties which are beginning to distrust him. A strange cry, which had not been heard in a French Chamber since Thermidor and Brumaire, was uttered one stormy afternoon at the Palais-Bourbon: "Down with the tyrant!" and the curious fact about the situation is precisely that a tyrant, I mean a strong man, is needed at the present moment. Clémenceau is the only strong man available. Can he then be dispensed with? If so, who is to replace him? One thing alone can be safely predicted: his strength is his *raison d'être*. At the first sign of weakness he is done for, like the lion-tamer who stumbles and falls in the cage.

Augustin Filon.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE PLANT.

There is probably no question of modern times which has so fascinated the thinking world as the pronouncement of Professor Darwin on plant consciousness at the opening meeting of the British Association in Septem-

ber. The great botanist, discoursing on his researches in connection with certain vegetable phenomena, committed himself to the startling statement that "we must believe that in plants there exists a faint copy of what we

know as consciousness in ourselves." For a generation it has been realized that between the movements of plants and some of the actions of the lower animals there is a great similarity. Beyond this, however, even the most advanced scientist of the old school scarcely cared to venture, yet feeling all the time that there was much in the life of the plant that could not well be explained. In his work, the student was constantly being brought face to face with problems which could not be elucidated by the bringing forward of any known mechanical laws. Up to a point the way was clear enough, but beyond that, unless some kind of consciousness was allowed, the investigator was completely baffled. For some reason, which is not very clear, the conception that plants could be the possessors of anything in the remotest degree resembling an intelligence was held to be the rankest heresy.

Although the differences between the two beings are so enormous, Professor Darwin claims that as regards reaction to environment a plant and a man must be placed in the same class. It is clear that in the advanced animals, especially in man, the essential features of behavior depend largely upon the history of the individual; the whole life of the unit is composed of a series of responses to stimuli. The more frequently the stimulus is repeated the deeper the impression made, and finally, a definite remembrance can be traced that such and such a thing has happened before in this direction. Something which is strangely like memory can also be observed in the plant. Certain species, it is noticed, evidence a definite sleep movement; this is specially to be seen amongst the members of the great leguminous or pod-bearing tribe. The leaflets of the scarlet runner, Professor Darwin pointed out, whilst appearing to be more or less horizontal by day, sink

down at dusk. Even more striking is the Indian Telegraph plant (*Desmodium gyrans*), another leguminous species which sleeps in a very obvious fashion. The leaflets of this plant, which are held out quite distinctly from one another during the day, fall down at dusk to such an extent that the specimen appears to be in a most disconsolate condition. Now these movements are traceable to the action of the falling light on the leaves, but the point upon which Professor Darwin insisted is this: If a plant which normally drops its leaves at the stimulus of darkness, and raises them at the action of light, is placed in a totally dark room, the daily changes still continue to go on in very much the same style, for a time, at any rate. At about the hour of sunset the leaves droop, whilst when the morning light returns to the outer world the foliage is raised up in the ordinary fashion. In fact the cells of the plant may be said to *remember* that which they have been in the habit of doing for so long, and thus to bring about a continuance of the movement, even though the original stimulus is no longer existent. The conclusion is a curious one when considered side by side with the fact that even with the wisest of us it is only the "bridge of memory" which enables us every morning to span the period of unconsciousness passed through during the night.

Granted that the plant may be the possessor of a memory, it is of interest to push the point still further, and to inquire whether in all the phenomena associated with vegetable life there can be found any show of that which we call reason. The problem thus presented is of peculiar complexity; and in an endeavor to elucidate it, one is treading dark and devious ways of which we have little clear knowledge. We must always remember that many of the mysteries of a century ago

have vanished before commonplace explanations, and this should make us wary of jumping to hasty conclusions. Bearing this point in mind, it is of value to examine a few cases of behavior on the part of plants which seem to indicate that certain reasoning powers are owned by the members of the vegetable kingdom.

The presence of an impelling instinct does not seem to be all-sufficient to explain the behavior of a *Potentilla*, a small enough plant in itself, but by means of its long trailing roots covering a good deal of ground in the summer months. It is not at all an uncommon circumstance for this species to be rooted in the crevice of a large slab of rock, surrounded on all sides by hard stone in which no hold can be secured. Perhaps in one direction there is some soil; and it is wonderful to observe the manner in which the *Potentilla* will discover the place where it may best root the plantlets produced at intervals on the trailing stems. Once the position is definitely located, the plant will send out its stems to the quarter where the joints may take a hold, evidencing a sense of position which is little short of marvellous. A somewhat similar instance is to be seen in the case of one of the most accommodating plants of the countryside—the Bramble. This species is particularly interesting when, as is so often the case, it is found straggling over a pile of stones or up against a roughly built wall. In any such position it will be found that the lusty growing points will seek out the crevices which contain a little vegetable mould, and, coming in contact with the soil, undergo a remarkable change. The shoots become clubbed, entirely losing their original character, and start to send out sturdy roots, which take a secure hold on the soil. Thus a fresh position has been occupied by the plant; and if a severance of the stem should ever take place, a new

individual will have started in the world.

The fact that the average plant must go through life chained to a particular spot is a serious handicap in its struggle for existence. The members of the vegetable kingdom, however, are well able to make room for themselves, in spite of the neighbors which jostle on every side in their endeavor to secure a reasonable amount of light and air. An excellent case in point is that of an *Iris* which came under notice. The plant was in a position where it was much crowded by a number of tall-growing perennials, and indeed, in the summer it had a difficulty in securing a fair share of sunshine. On this account it adopted a peculiar method of growth, which consisted in spreading out much in the manner of a ring of mushrooms. As this particular species of *Iris* starts into growth very early in the spring, it gets a considerable advantage over its later competitors. As a matter of fact many of these lagging species come up to find the *Iris* already in possession of the field. It is impossible to deny that the plant has something which is very much like a consciousness, and this has enabled it to divine the best way of meeting the threatened encroachments of its neighbors. Again, the curious "flopping" of some spring-blooming species after flowering, such as is at times seen in the Primrose, is interesting. This serves a real purpose when the plant is growing in crowded situations, for the drooping leaves simply smother the seedlings of the summer-blooming plants, and thus keep a fair way all round. It would really seem that year by year the Primrose remembers the need for checking the great upgrowth around itself, which will surely come with the return of the warm weather. A similar tendency has become almost a habit in the case of the smaller *Hya-cinth*s. These plants, flowering as

they do when the growth of spring is at its height, are able to keep down their aggressive neighbors by a curious leaf arrangement, by means of which all light and air is excluded from the soil immediately surrounding. Without entering deeply into a vexed question, it seems as if the establishment of this habit in the race of Hyacinths is a clear case of an acquired characteristic being inherited, and one which lends support to the cause now under the championship of Professor Darwin.

The resourcefulness of the plant might well make a very fascinating study. This is especially remarkable where an individual is forced to spend its life in soil that is lacking in the elements which it requires. The plant cannot produce its stems strongly enough to bear aloft the blossoms which must be displayed at all costs. What does it do? Well, this wise vegetable has learnt, somehow or other, that unity is strength, and that two or three weakly stems bonded together will make one good support for a flower-head. This fasciation is commonly to be seen in many garden plants, of which the Hyacinth and the Asparagus are typical examples. Ordinary Primroses planted in an impoverished soil will frequently develop on the lines of the Polyanthus, and thus produce a large number of flowers on one stout stem formed of a few weakly stalks. Now and again it is observable that when a plant is especially floriferous, it may produce more blossoms than it can carry aloft in the ordinary way. As it is the endeavor of every plant to develop and display as many flowers as possible, fasciation is rendered necessary in order that the stem may be strong enough to bear the burden.

There is something which is totally unexplained in connection with the plant and the seasons. Just how does the tree know when to start its new growth? Of course the weather has a

powerful controlling influence, but it is only a small explanation of the question. When, on occasion in England, the winter passes without severe frost, no attempt to commence growth until the arrival of the spring is made, no matter how mild the weather may be. Perhaps the most reasonable suggestion which may be offered consists in the assertion that all plants require a definite period of rest, and until they have gone through this time nothing will induce them to resume their normal activity. But the statement is only true to a limited degree. There are many species which, if given a chance, would grow continuously from one year's end to the other. It must be admitted that there is some foreknowledge within the reach of plants which enables them to anticipate the coming of the seasons. Although it seems almost incredible, it would appear to be a fact that plants can, in a way, remember the rotation of seasonal change. The behavior of certain Alpine species lends weight to the theory; these have such a clear foreknowledge of the coming of spring, that their flower-heads bore their way through a thick layer of ice and snow.

The plant need be able to adapt itself to the environment in which its lot has been thrown. It is exposed to many vicissitudes from which there is no escape. More often than not, by a keen appreciation of the special circumstances, the plant will hold its own in very adverse conditions. It is most interesting to observe the manner in which Larch trees, in exposed situations, modify the way of their growth to meet the special needs of the case. As is well known, these conifers extend upwards with a long slender shoot, which would be in grave danger of breakage in rough weather. It will be seen, however, that the Larch allows its growing point to trail away from the prevailing wind quarter, and

thus reduces its resistance to the breeze to a minimum. A remarkable feature of the case is that, in spite of this bend in the shoot, the main stem of the tree will keep perfectly upright. Other kinds of trees offer striking examples of the cleverness of the plant in adjusting itself to its surroundings. The way in which trees will twist their stems in order to avoid contact with an obstacle is well known to all students of forest life. A very curious instance came under the notice of the writer of a young Beech tree, whose lot had fallen near to an older specimen. The young tree had evidently rather outgrown its strength in its struggle to get on in the world, and had taken advantage of the support offered by its more sturdy neighbor. Thus in later life there was the curious spectacle of the younger tree twisted almost entirely round the stem of the other.

It is a remarkable feature observable in plants that every part of the organism appears to be endowed with equal powers of adjustment. The roots, no less than the portions above the soil, offer striking examples of that which has been termed intelligence. Indeed, the underground organs of the plant seem to be possessed of a discriminating ability which rivals even that evidenced in the other parts. These faculties were observed a long time ago by Carpenter, who has placed on record a historic instance. He tells us how a wild Service tree that was perched in the upper branches of an old Oak started to send a root down to the ground. Just under the direction which the root was taking was a slab of stone, in such a position that penetration of the soil would have been impossible. Yet at a distance of half a yard the advancing root was conscious of the obstacle, and divided into two parts, one going to the right of the slab and the other to the left. It is not easy

to suggest how the growing root became aware of the obstruction eighteen inches before it came into contact.

Of course a great many of the so-called mysteries in connection with roots are really capable of simple explanation. Roots certainly make their way towards the moist quarters in the soil, simply because it is the line of least resistance—dry soil being hard and not easy to penetrate. More perplexing, however, is the behavior of adventitious roots, which will often take a course contrary to all reason in order to reach some desired place. Species of tropical creepers, such as the curious *Monstera* often grown under glass in this country, are interesting in this connection. These plants will at times send their long roots down, from the roof of the greenhouse, to tanks of water which stand on the ground level. This they will do with unerring accuracy, though the distance may be as much as fifteen or twenty feet! Indeed, at all times in their search for moisture, plants in their roots show the highest perceptive powers. A little fern which the writer had in his possession for some time offered one of the most remarkable instances of plant intelligence that have come under notice. The pot in which the fern was planted was standing in a saucer which always had a little water in it. It may be assumed that the plant did not get quite as much moisture as it wanted, so it started to send down a few roots on the *outside* of the pot, extending these until the water in the saucer was reached.

In origin the animal and vegetable worlds appear to be indivisible, as though we may not dare to say that the plant is an intelligent being. There seems to be a field for a great deal of research, the opening up of which will form a new and fascinating branch of botanical study.

PETER'S WIFE.

Peter had a narrow forehead, and keen, dark eyes that could detect a slug or caterpillar yards away. His hair was thick and very straight, and his well-cut lips under his black moustache had a way of closing with a snap when anything displeased him—which, as he lived alone and was his master's master, occurred infrequently. Rather than be "moithered wi' hobbledin'hoys," he worked single-handed; at a rate of pay, however, which no head gardener need have disdained.

Peter's history was uneventful. His mother had been a gentle little woman with a talent for silence; she had passed out of life as quietly as she had lived, leaving scarcely a ripple on the surface of her husband's existence.

"She wur a proper wummun; a rare 'un t' hould her tongue"; was all he said when she was laid to rest. As for Peter, he was too young to miss her.

His grandmother, who brought him up, was an equally silent woman, and made but small demand on his affections. She lived to a ripe old age, and when the time came for her to leave him, Peter dutifully planted her grave with evergreens, adding some frugal crocuses to make it gay in spring. This done, he settled himself contentedly in the rambling old freehold cottage she had left him, and in the course of time came to be regarded in Fordingbridge as a hopeless bachelor.

"Peter's garden" was a byword in the village for sleek prosperity. Not a weed was daring enough to trespass amongst his flowers, and the earwigs shunned his dahlias for those in the next garden, which were not half so fine. People walked miles to see his hollyhocks in bloom, and it was a foregone conclusion at every flower show that he would carry off the prizes.

And still Peter was not content—he wanted a wife.

The show of hyacinths had been particularly fine that spring, and Peter might reasonably have been expected to be satisfied with life in general. But Peter's brow was gloomy that bright May morning—for the woman who "did" for him had failed him two days running, and his hearth was still unswept. He stuck his spade into the ground in a way that meant he had come to some decision.

"I'll get me a wife," he said.

"You must be careful, Peter," remarked his master to whom he solemnly announced his intention of "goin' a' courtin'." Peter's master was of no account in Fordingbridge, being looked upon as a harmless nonentity permitted by Providence to exist in order that Peter might grow prize chrysanthemums and giant tomatoes. That he was "greatly thought on in Lunnon" was nothing to them—he was just "Peter's master," and that was all.

Peter surveyed him with good-humored contempt as he uttered his warning.

"Keerful, sir," he said with emphasis, snapping his lips in the way already referred to, "'tishn't likely as I'd be otherwise. The wopses is too often on t'other side o' the prittiest peaches fur me not to be 'keerful.' An' I reckon to judge a wummun as I do pears—an' yew'll 'low I'm a judge o' them."

"Quite so," said Peter's master soothingly, as he went back to his study, where he was occupied with an interesting monologue on Egyptian relics. The latter were more in his line than love affairs; nevertheless, Peter had his best wishes.

Perhaps Peter's master dropped a hint to his housekeeper, Mary Summers, who may have mentioned it at

the "Wednesday Social"; be that as it may, not a soul in the village was unaware of Peter's intentions when Sunday came round again, while the flower in his buttonhole, and his new red tie, confirmed the reports.

Peter was a methodical man in all he did, and having decided upon the wedded state, he "put his house in order" before he attempted to look round. With his own hands he re-colored the walls of his little cottage—blue for the parlor, red for the kitchen, and a bright rose-pink for the bridal chamber. He purchased a painted wardrobe from the neighboring town, and added a very minute looking-glass to stand on his grandmother's chest of drawers. (Peter did not hold with encouraging vanity in the female mind.) He also provided a natty work-table with a deep brown basket capable of holding many pairs of socks, and a new easy chair for himself to sit in. Then Peter was ready.

Lizzie Heal was his first choice. She was a fine young woman with a good, honest laugh, and a swing in her gait that reminded one of a Jack Tar. Peter considered her "smart an' hansum," and in a matter-of-fact way suggested they should "walk out" and see how they got on. Lizzie was willing, and the village regarded the engagement as a settled thing from the day he presented her with a fine spring cabbage. But Peter suddenly cooled, and he and Lizzie looked the other way when they met each other in the village.

"'Twere all along o' her shoe lace," he explained to his master—his only confidant. "'Twere always a' comin' untied an' draggin' on th' ground, an' her expectin' me ter tie it. I couldn't stan' it no more."

Widow Merle was his next fancy. Stout and comely, with a thriving little business of her own and a tidy sum at the bank, she looked upon Peter's tall, slim figure with warm approval.

and decided to wear dove-gray poplin—"toned up with mauve"—on her wedding day.

"He'll hev to smarten hisself a bit when I take him in hand," she said to herself complacently, eyeing his clay-covered hobnailed boots with temporary resignation, as he stalked beside her on their way to chapel. While the second hymn was being sung, she settled how the furniture in Peter's cottage should be rearranged, and sat so close to him during the sermon that the boys in the pew behind them laughed aloud. This was too much for Peter.

"I like ter do my luv'-makin' myself," he said stolidly to the schoolmaster, who reproached him for his desertion of the widow. Truth to tell, her greediness with regard to early peas had put him off already; gifts from his garden were too precious to be regarded as a right.

"I'm not so sure as I shall git merried arter all," he declared gloomily; and for some time he went his solitary way. But once more he was left breakfastless, and after scalding himself with boiling water, and upsetting the kettle over the kitchen floor, he vowed there should be a Mrs. Peter before the year was at an end. After much deliberation he decided to consider his second cousin, Elmeira Wood.

"She isn't one as draws yew to her, so bein' her nose is crooked," he told his master, who was growing quite as interested in Peter's choice as if the young women were Egyptians. "But her stews is just right, sir, an' the way she handles young carrits 'ud giv' her own mother a lesson, ef she had one livin'. An' 'hansum is as hansum does,' as the sayin' is."

"Quite so, Peter," said his master; but Mary Summers, who was in her master's confidence if not in Peter's, sighed as she reflected on what she knew of Elmeira Wood.

Peter was in no hurry. Some two or three weeks elapsed, during which his garden received much-needed attention, before once more he lightly turned his thoughts to love. Donning his crimson tie, one Monday during his dinner-hour he strolled across the green to his cousin's cottage, musing the while upon her homely virtues. He could almost fancy he caught the odor of one of her famous stews on the scented air, and his mouth watered.

"She'll make a rare good wife," he said with satisfaction; then he paused, for he had reached the trimly-cut privet hedges of Elmeira's garden, and unaccustomed sounds broke on his ear.

It was a woman scolding; Peter shrank back appalled. The shrill tones rose in a harsh crescendo, cutting the dreamy, midsummer stillness like a knife, and he stood some moments in dazed silence before he could make out what it was all about. The little orphan girl, it seemed, who came from the big red institution on the crest of the hill to help Elmeira Wood on washing days, had forgotten to fill the copper with water before lighting it. What the result had been Peter did not gather—the stream of speech that issued from his cousin's lips referred solely to the personal attributes of that orphan girl; her character, her upbringing, and "what she would come to." A faint expostulation in tremulous tones from the back kitchen brought about a crisis in a succession of ringing slaps, and a sobbing child rushed into the porch, followed by an angry woman with face aflame.

In spite of a sort of shaking palsy that had seized his nether limbs, Peter strode between them.

"Yew'll not lay a finger on her," he cried. "Shame on yew, cousin—a slip of a girl like that!"

Elmeira stood for a full minute as if turned to stone. Then she re-entered her cottage and slammed the door with

a force that nearly tore it from its hinges. Peter's eyes had told her that her chances of matrimony where he was concerned were at an end for ever.

Peter comforted the child as best he could, and walked home thoughtfully. His mind moved slowly, but logic was his strong point. His cousin Elmeira, he reasoned, who was "plain as a pike-staff," was also a virago; therefore, ugliness did not necessarily mean virtue. His master being away, some days later he broached the subject to Mary Summers, for whose judgment he had a deep respect.

"I may as well hev summat pleasant to look at," he remarked, as he accepted a cup of tea in the snug little parlor between the kitchen and the butler's pantry. Mary Summers, whose only beauty consisted of a pair of vivid eyes that looked in her rugged face like blue gentians springing from some cleft in a rock, nodded silently. Her own lack of comeliness had been a sore trial to her in her girlhood, but it was long since she had given herself a thought.

"Don't be in too great a hurry," she advised him, gently. "If I were a man, I would choose a girl whose brothers were set on her. It would show she was used to menfolk, and knew their ways."

"There's summat in that," said Peter; and that same night (at a "Reading from Ruskin" arranged by an enthusiastic Girton girl who wished "to elevate the masses") he cast a favorable eye on Milly Tarrent, who had six brothers and a pink complexion.

Peter found the sight so pleasing that he looked again; this time his glance was intercepted by "dark eyes like stars" (the expression is Peter's) which met his own from beneath the delicately arched eyebrows belonging to the new French lady's-maid at the hall. Her lips were the color of his own carnations, and her waving hair

had wonderful hollows which Peter forthwith longed to touch.

"The pritty creature," he murmured, when he met her next day in the village street, where she tripped along in dainty shoes with big buckles, in a way that stirred his sluggish heart into unusual activity. Peter's "infattyashun," as his village friends termed it, was a source of bitter surprise to Fordingbridge.

For the first time in his life Peter was genuinely in love, and passed hours hovering between despair and bliss. Some days "Mamzelle" would treat him coldly, accepting his floral offerings under protest, as it were, and with a disdainful shrug; on other occasions she called him "M'sieur Pee-tare" with an inflection that made him catch his breath, and an upward glance that was bewildering.

The great event of the summer to the inhabitants of Fordingbridge was the fruit and flower show held at the market town some miles distant. Peter's "White Queens" were acknowledged to be the perfection of strawberries while his "Hybrid Teas" carried all before them where roses were concerned, winning him the coveted silver cup. Mamzelle was solemnly presented with his prize bouquet, and as she buried her face in the fragrant petals she smiled to herself over the clumsy way in which "*ces Anglais*" made love.

"'Ee did not even say zat I was sweeter zan zey," she complained to Mary Summers, who, primly attired in lustrous black, had come to witness Peter's triumph.

"Mr. Peter is too sensible to waste his time in idle compliments," said the housekeeper, flushing with indignation. Mamzelle determined this defect in her admirer must be remedied at once.

"Do you find zis hat bee-comes me, M'sieur Pee-tare?" she demanded of

Peter, whose glance, truth to tell, had betokened more perplexity than admiration. "Zis hat," consisting as it did of a twist of tulle, an orange feather, and some weird flowers he could not name, seemed to him scarcely a decent covering for Mamzelle's plenteous locks. His hesitation was not unnoticed by his companion, whose red lips took another curve.

"'Tis yewr face as I look at, Mamzelle," said Peter with a mighty effort, and his unexpected gallantry was rewarded with a full view of the pearl-like teeth which had cost Mamzelle a small fortune in her native land.

It was to be feared that Peter found Mamzelle's smiles an expensive luxury, for such evanescent things as roses did not long satisfy her, and his nest egg at the savings bank was drawn upon from time to time to appease her veiled demands. The glittering earrings in her shell-like ears cost him so much that he could scarcely help groaning as he looked at them, while the ruby ring that celebrated their betrothal almost drew tears from his eyes. Mamzelle had insisted upon choosing, and Peter was scarcely comforted by her naïve remark that "good zings bring zeur value ven you vish to sell zem."

"A real gold watch" was her next ambition, and Peter would surely have gratified it if a handsome Guardsman on a visit to some relations in the village had not intervened. Mamzelle looked at him, and was conquered. Peter received but a chilling reception when next they met, and was with some difficulty made to understand that Mamzelle had no intention now of being his bride. Worse than this she refused to return his gifts, which put the finishing touch to Peter's grief.

"I'll never think on another wummun," he said. This time he meant it.

During the trying weeks that followed, his friendship with Mary Summers was his only refuge. His con-

temporaries, vexed at his "fullish-ness," looked askance at him, and youngsters jeered behind his back; but Mary, whose heart was large enough to hold pity even for those who bring suffering on themselves, had none but kind words for him. She showed her sympathy so delicately, too, that his wounded pride forgot to be up in arms.

Yet another blow was in store for Peter when his master returned from a lengthened absence in London. He wore smart new clothes and was without his beard. His eyes seemed more wide open than usual, and he had the expression of a man who has recently discovered that the world is a very pleasant place to live in, even away from Egypt. His announcement that he was going to be married shook his household to its foundations and Peter's gloom became funereal as he foresaw the changed conditions under which he would have to work.

"She's certain-sure ter interfere wi' my garden," he groaned as he sat by Mary's tea-table and munched buttered toast.

"It's worse for me," she returned
The Idler.

wistfully, handing him a fresh supply. "I shan't be wanted any longer, and I shall have to leave Fordingbridge."

Peter looked at her; and as he looked there flashed into his mind an inspiration. As in a dream he saw what it would mean to have this gentle woman always beside him; he thought of her tender ways; every line of her comfortable figure spoke of kindness and peace. . . . He cleared his throat, and reached his hand across the table for hers.

"Yew might do worse nor come ter me," he murmured, with a note in his voice that had never been there before, "ef yew kin forgit my fullishness—an'—all the rest?"

"I might do worse," echoed Mary Summers, her deep blue eyes shining in a way that made Peter think of forget-me-nots in the sunshine. He had known her all his life, but never until now had he really seen her.

"What a feul I've been," he cried.

"Peter's luckier nor he deserves," declared the good people of Fordingbridge.

Lilian Gask.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S PATRONAGE.

One of the most difficult and embarrassing duties of a Prime Minister must be the distribution of the patronage, civil and ecclesiastical—the bestowal of titles and decorations, the appointments to bishoprics and deaneries—which lies in his gift, subject to the approval of the Sovereign. This brings him closely into contact with the sordid side of public life.

Lord Brougham, in his *Statesmen of the Time of George III.*, writing, as he says, of his own official experience in the years when greedy place-hunters crowded round him as Lord Chancellor, declares: "No one who has been long

the dispenser of patronage among large bodies of his fellow-citizens can fail to see infinitely more numerous instances of sordid, selfish, greedy, and ungrateful conduct than of the virtues to which such hateful qualities stand opposed." Richard Brinsley Sheridan is another witness to the meanness of politicians. In one of his great speeches in the House of Commons on the French Revolution, he ascribed the desertion of Fox by some of the Whigs to Pitt's lavish distribution of offices and honors. He said that this dirty traffic in lucre and emolument tended to confirm the pernicious doctrine "that all pub-

lic men are imposters, and that every politician has his price." Then he went on in a scathing blast of satire: "Nay, even from those who seem to have no direct object of offices or profit, what is the language which the actors speak? The Throne is in danger! We will support the Throne; but let us share the smiles of royalty. The order of nobility is in danger. 'I will fight for nobility,' says the viscount, 'but my zeal would be much greater if I was made an earl.' 'Rouse all the marquises within me,' exclaims the earl, 'and the peerage never turned forth a more undaunted champion in its cause than I shall prove.' 'Stain my green ribbon blue,' cries the illustrious knight, 'and the fountain of honor will have a fast and faithful servant.'"

If this repulsive picture of the demoralization of politics was ever true—which I am disposed to doubt—it certainly is not true of the twentieth century. There probably is a good deal of selfishness in public life. Some politicians are influenced less by a sense of duty to the State than by the hope of reward. No doubt there is scheming and intriguing for the honors, places, dignities, preferments, stars, and ribbons which the Prime Minister has at his disposal. But the manifestation of human nature in public life cannot be so bad as it is depicted by the disappointed and cynical Brougham and by the ardent party man Sheridan, eager to score a point against his opponents. At any rate it is the comic aspect of this pursuit of the Prime Minister for offices and distinctions, so far as it is selfish and unworthy, that appears most conspicuously in the records of political history.

Happily the place-hunter, the claimant for a step higher in the peerage, and the seeker after ribbons and stars often meet with well-merited rebuffs. Pitt was induced by Sir John Sinclair to constitute a Board of Agriculture

towards the end of the eighteenth century, and make him the President. Having enjoyed his office for a few years, Sinclair began to desire promotion in the social scale. "Dear Mr. Pitt," he wrote to the Prime Minister, "don't you think the President of the Board of Agriculture should be a peer?" "Dear Sir John Sinclair," replied Pitt, "I entirely agree with you. I have, therefore, appointed Lord Somerville to succeed you as President of the Board of Agriculture." Sir John Sinclair went about wringing his hands and exclaiming, "Dear me, dear me! It was such a wilful misunderstanding."

Lord Melbourne was indifferent to honors or distinctions for himself. The young Queen Victoria, anxious to show in some public way her high appreciation of the great services of her first Prime Minister, pressed him to accept the much-coveted decoration of the Garter. He declined the honor. "Why should we waste the resources of the Government?" said he good-humoredly. "A Garter may attach to us somebody of consequence whom nothing else will reach. But what would be the use of my taking it? I cannot bribe myself." The undecorated coat of Castlereagh at the Congress of Vienna in 1814 distinguished the Foreign Secretary of England in that gorgeously attired assembly of ambassadors. Similarly, the plain and unadorned costume of Melbourne, the Prime Minister, made him conspicuous in the crowd, glittering with stars and ribbons, at Court functions. It has been said that his vanity found a certain gratification in conferring honors upon men of nobler birth than himself. On the contrary, the authentic accounts we have of him in connection with the dispensation of patronage show that he had little sympathy with the craving for titles, and derived no pleasure in satisfying it. In the distribution of honors at the Coronation of Queen Victoria he seems to

have been guided principally by party considerations. Here is a letter he wrote to Lord Lansdowne in June 1838 with respect to conferring peerages upon supporters of the Government in the House of Commons:

"I think it absolutely necessary not to vacate counties or towns at the present moment. I would, therefore, boldly lay down as a rule founded upon the necessity of the circumstances that we should make few members of the House of Commons peers. It follows from this that we must have a very limited creation, as it must be remembered that the claims of those who are in Parliament will be considered hereafter. I propose, therefore, to make only eight. English: Hanbury-Tracy, William Ponsonby, Sir John Wrottesley, Paul Methuen; Irish: Lisimore, Rosmore, Carew; Scotch: Kintore. I think if we adhere strictly to this we can stand upon it, and shall produce the least dissatisfaction, which is all that can be expected. The only promotions, Mulgrave to be a Marquis and Dundas to be an Earl. I am very desirous that the whole should be limited, as these large creations at Coronations are, I believe, quite unprecedented, and date no further back than the Coronation of George IV., who was overwhelmed with promises. If no Members of Parliament are made, the whole may be discontented, but no particular person can be. I hope that you may think this is the safest course that can be pursued in a difficult conjuncture. I send you John Russell's view of it, which is very much mine. All the Scotch agree that Kintore is the only Scotch peer we have who has fortune for it."

The petty annoyances which usually follow the distribution of honors is illustrated by the following extract from a letter from Melbourne to Lansdowne on June 27, 1838, after the publication of the Coronation List:

"I have this morning received Lord

Queensberry's resignation of the Lieutenancy of the County of Dumfries, upon the ground of Lord Kintore being made a peer whilst he is passed over."

A peer who was an old friend of Melbourne called on the Prime Minister previous to the Coronation to urge that his long fidelity to the Whig Party deserved some recognition. "Well, what can I do for you?" asked the Prime Minister. "I don't care about it myself," said the Baron; "but my lady wishes that I should be an earl." Melbourne, who knew that his friend was hardly rich enough to maintain an earldom, exclaimed, "Why, you are not such a damned fool as that, are you?" A peer, who was already a knight of "the Most Noble Order of the Garter," but whose ambition was still unsatisfied—"a fellow," as Melbourne described him, "who was asking for everything, and fit for nothing"—wrote to the Prime Minister for an interview. "What the devil would he have now?" said the worried dispenser of patronage. "Does he want a Garter for the other leg?" A Scotch peer who was manœuvring for a decoration got a mutual friend to sing his praises in the ear of the Prime Minister. "It won't do," cried Melbourne. "If I gave — the Thistle he'd eat it." Poor Melbourne, indeed, found it impossible for some time before the Coronation of Queen Victoria to escape from the hunters after titles and decorations. He had contracted the habit of talking to himself aloud, and one day, as he stood alone in the hall of Brooks's Club, divesting himself of his overcoat, he was heard to exclaim, "I'll be hanged if I'll do it for you, my lord!" No doubt in imagination he was still being pursued by an importunate claimant for a higher rank in the peerage.

What was incorrectly said of Lord Melbourne, that his vanity found a vent in the distribution of titles, seems to have been true, to some extent at least,

of Gladstone. Lord Morley in his *Life of Gladstone* writes: "Once in a conversation with Mr. Gladstone I asked him whether he remembered Peel's phrase to Cobden about the odious power that patronage confers. He replied, 'I never felt that when I was Prime Minister. It came in the day's work like the rest. I don't recall that I ever felt plagued by improper applications. Peel was perhaps a little overfond of talking of the sacrifices of office. A man has no business to lay himself out for being a Prime Minister, or to place himself in the way of it, unless he is prepared to take all the incidents of the post, whether disagreeable or not. I have no sympathy with talk of that kind.'" Lord Morley adds: "He was far from the mind of a Carteret. 'What is it to me,' said that glittering Minister, 'who is a judge or who is a bishop? It is my business to make kings and emperors, and to maintain the balance of Europe.' To the bestowal of honors he brought the same diligent care as to branches of public business that to men of Peel's type seemed worthier of care." Sir Edward Hamilton, who was Gladstone's private secretary, also declared that his chief found "a pleasurable excitement in proffering a Lord Lieutenantcy or a peerage, an order or a baronetcy."

Having been four times Prime Minister during an aggregate period of twelve and a half years, Gladstone had ample opportunities of indulging in this form of excitement. Like Melbourne, he would never accept an honor for himself; but he created sixty-seven new peerages; on his recommendation fourteen Scotch and Irish lords, who were not peers of the realm, were called to the House of Lords; he was also responsible for seven promotions in the peerage—one dukedom, two marquises, one earldom, and three viscountcies; and the baronetcies created on his recommendation were ninety-seven.

Gladstone must have had many applications, direct and indirect, for honors which he felt bound to refuse. That, no doubt, has been the experience of all Prime Ministers. There is a good story told of the way in which Disraeli got rid of an importunate applicant for a baronetcy upon which, for sufficient reasons, it was impossible to confer the honor. "You know I cannot give you a baronetcy," said Disraeli; "but you can tell your friends I offered you a baronetcy, and that you refused it. That's far better."

In the *Life of Lord Randolph Churchill* there are some amusing letters from Lord Salisbury which make further contributions to the comical side of the subject. Churchill, when leader of the House of Commons, wanted some honors for his supporters. The Prime Minister writes: "I am afraid that in the matter of honors I am as destitute as you are. The C. B.'s are all exhausted." Again Lord Salisbury says: "My Baths are all run dry."

Titles, decorations, and distinctions are, of course, legitimate objects of ambition, and if their distribution appears at times capricious, narrow, or unwarranted, they have been on the whole worthily bestowed for eminent services to the State in all walks of life. John Leech, in a famous *Punch* cartoon published in 1851, represented the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, as a little boy writing "No Popery" on the wall, and then running away. It was a satirically amusing illustration of Russell's precipitate action in passing an Act prohibiting the assumption of English territorial titles by the newly constituted Roman Catholic hierarchy, and then irresolutely declining to put its provisions into force. "That was very severe, and did my Government a great deal of harm," said Russell, talking of the cartoon to a friend years after; "but I was so convinced

that it was not maliciously meant that I sent for Leech and asked what I could do for him. He said he should like a nomination for his son to the Charterhouse, and I gave it to him. That is how I used my patronage."

Every Prime Minister has also the bestowal of considerable ecclesiastical patronage. Lord Salisbury had to appoint to almost every bishopric during the years he was Prime Minister, and to some of them more than once. He is said to have been known in ecclesiastical circles by the most appropriate name of "the bishop-maker." There is a story told of a dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, named Packingham, who wrote to Wellington, his brother-in-law, at the time he was Prime Minister: "My dear Duke, one word from you will get me the vacant bishopric;" and received the following laconic reply: "My dear Dean, not a single word." But we have had an interesting confession from Gladstone on the subject of Church preferments which shows that the sense of duty, not the hope of reward, is the distinguishing note of dignitaries of the Church. "It has been my lot," said he to the Honorable Mrs. Goodhart in 1889, "to dispose of some fifty preferments in the Church—high preferments, I mean, such as bishoprics and deaneries. Not one of the men I have appointed has ever asked me for anything. That is the literal and absolute fact; and I do not know that anything could be more honorable to the Church of England as a body." "I am a very lucky man—luckier than most Ministers. I have no sons, grandsons, or nephews to stuff into the Church," said Lord Palmerston cynically enough. During the years he filled the office of Prime Minister he had twenty-five mitres at his disposal, and, like all Premiers—so far as we can gather from the biographies of statesmen—he was uninfluenced in his appointments by political motives. "If

a man is a good man, I do not care what his political opinions are," he said to Lord Shaftesbury. "Certainly I had rather not name a bishop who would make party speeches and attacks on the Government in the House of Lords; but, short of that, let him do what he likes."

Dr. Magee, who died Archbishop of York, applied to Disraeli in 1868 for an appointment. At that time he was Dean of the Chapel Royal, Dublin, and wishing to get to England, he wrote to the Prime Minister asking for any minor vacancy that might be created by the filling up of the Deanery of St. Paul's. Disraeli perpetrated a droll joke at Magee's expense. He began his reply so that on one page of the letter the words appeared: "Very Reverend Sir, I regret that I cannot comply with your request;" while upon turning over the leaf Magee read the reason: "I felt it my duty to recommend Her Majesty to nominate you, if agreeable to yourself, to the vacant See of Peterborough." This was a jest in which Eldon, the Lord Chancellor, had indulged in years before. Dr. Fisher of Charterhouse applied to him for one of the Crown livings to which the Lord Chancellor has the right of presentation. He replied: "Dear Fisher, I cannot to-day give you the preferment for which you ask.—I remain, your sincere friend, *Eldon*." Then came the injunction, "Turn over," and on the next page Fisher read: "I gave it to you yesterday."

Queen Victoria exercised a strong personal influence and control over the appointments to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. When Dr. Sumner died, in 1862, Lord Palmerston nominated Dr. Baring, Bishop of Durham, for the Primacy; but the Queen insisted on appointing Dr. Longley, then Archbishop of York. On the death of Archbishop Longley in 1868, the Queen's selection was the Bishop of London, Dr. Tait, set-

ting aside Disraeli's nominee, Bishop Ellicott of Gloucester and Bristol. Bishop Wilberforce records in his diary a conversation with Dean Wellesley on the subject. The Dean told him: "Disraeli recommended Ellicott for Canterbury. The Queen would not have him; then Disraeli agreed most reluctantly, and with passion, to Tait." It is hardly credible, however, that that supreme courtier, Disraeli, could have been put into a passion by anything the Queen might do.

George III. once adopted a more decisive way, even, of filling up a vacancy in the Archbishopric of Canterbury. On January 19, 1805, Dr. Manners-Sutton, Bishop of Norwich, was giving a dinner-party in his Windsor deanery, when his butler informed him that a gentleman wished particularly to see him, but would not give his name. "Well, I can't come now in the middle of dinner," said the Bishop. "Beg pardon, my lord, but the gentleman is very anxious to see you on important business;" and the butler was so urgent that the Bishop apologized to his company and went out. The gentleman who would not be denied proved to be King George III. "How d'ye do, my lord?" said he. "Come to tell you that you're Archbishop of Canterbury—Archbishop of Canterbury. D'ye accept—accept? Eh, eh?" The Bishop bowed low in token of acceptance. "All right," said His Majesty. "You've got a party—see

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all their hats here. Go back to them. Good-night! good-night!" Next morning Pitt appeared at Windsor Castle to inform His Majesty that Archbishop Moore had died the day before, and to recommend the Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Pretymann, for the vacant primacy. "Very sorry; very sorry indeed, Pitt," said the king, "but I offered it to the Bishop of Norwich last night, and he accepted. Can't break my word." Pitt, according to Lord Sidmouth's account given afterwards to Dean Milman, was very angry; but the deed was done, as the king meant it should be, and so Dr. Manners-Sutton became Archbishop of Canterbury, and held the great office for twenty-three eventful years.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, there is recorded but one attempt to bribe a Prime Minister. In November, 1802, a man named Hamlyn was indicted in the Court of King's Bench for offering a bribe to Henry Addington, the Prime Minister. The Premier should have two thousand pounds if he procured for the prisoner the office of landing surveyor at Plymouth. Hamlyn was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of one hundred pounds. Addington must have felt that the niggardliness of Hamlyn added injury to his insult. Two thousand pounds! What a paltry sum to offer the man who makes kings and emperors!

Michael MacDonagh.

A JUBILEE DAY AT LOURDES.

Even last night the little town had seemed to us to be crowded to congestion. The electric trams, clattering up and down between the station and the Grotto, had been always black with pilgrims, and every open shop-front and crooked street-corner had held its knot of voluble if subdued conversational-

ists. And yet this morning, very early, and while we were still more or less asleep, ten thousand more, so we are informed, have been landed in our midst, peasants for the most part, brought here in a long series of special trains from the flat country about Toulouse.

All night indeed the town had been

busy, as our uneasy dreams had testified. A Belgian pilgrimage, already established here, and some two thousand strong, had attended a midnight mass, filing down from the Basilica, the great church above the Grotto, in time only to extend a tired welcome to the first of these newcomers, brown-faced and black-smocked enthusiasts, marshalled along by devoted parish priests. All night the streets had echoed with the passing and repassing of uncountable boots and sabots or the softer footgear of the native inhabitants; and quite early, as it seemed to us, the trams had begun to run again, clanging their bells, a strange and bizarre contrast to the leisurely bullock waggons of the neighboring farmers.

A goatherd, playing upon a piccolo, had passed beneath our window more than once, taking up his position at last upon one of the roads near the Grotto, where he would milk his charges, for a small consideration, into the cups of passers-by. All night the streets had been evidence enough of a various and restless humanity; but now, as we sipped our coffee at seven in the morning, they were humming with half the jargons of Europe, set too, for the most part, in that curious pitch of half-awed, yet not uncheerful, intensity, that seems here to be at once characteristic and infectious. A continual pageant of Sunday clothes and smocks moved by us as we sat at the open window, black as a rule, and blacker still by contrast to the blaze of hot June sunshine, that poured down from a cloudless sky, and the glimpses of surrounding greenness, that came to us between the corners of the houses.

It is fifty years this year since the little peasant girl, Bernadette Soubirous, made known to her relatives and friends the visions that had been vouchsafed to her in the cavern by the Gave; and it

is impossible not to be impressed with the extraordinary position that her native village has since come to hold throughout the Catholic world. As we linger over our *café complet* an unbeliever among us raps the table dogmatically with his teaspoon. The neurotic imaginings of an hysterical girl, he tells us, a little brown water out of a rock and the infinite gullibility of evolving humanity in its lower intellectual stages—these are the ingredients of the renown of Lourdes. And yet and yet—well, by the day's end, even our unbeliever, unbelieving still, has contrived to modify his statement by a little, has come to behold in this scene of twentieth-century pilgrimage, in this odd jangle of electricity and mediævalism, of science and, if you like, superstition, something that lies too deep among the root fibres of the human being to be a mere spectacle for an instructed scoffer.

For, in the first place, if ever there were a spot designed by Nature to the ends of worship it would be Lourdes, perched above the plains, yet itself in something of a valley, bisected by the brown torrent of the Gave, bubbling down from its springs in the surrounding mountains—Lourdes, with the green hills rising up from it on all sides but one, rich in verdure and starred with flowers, campanula, campon, and gentian, and backed by the still snow-topped grandeur of the High Pyrenees. Within a couple of hours of Lourdes, there are mountain fastnesses unequalled in Europe; and we cannot help remembering that faith has always throned itself among the hills that, if they breed brigands here and there, produce religionists all the world over. While in the second place, as half an hour's stroll into the winding streets would assure the least appreciative, whatever else might be dwelling upon these swarthy passing faces, there was certainly no stuff for even

the tenderest of ridicule—less, indeed, perhaps, than might be beheld upon an August day in Keswick.

The older part of the town, lying on the right bank of the Gave, clusters round the rocky cliff upon which the old Château, a typical frontier fortress, and once held by the English, is set four-square, a sober comment upon the more garish modern architecture, that surrounds and surmounts the Grotto lower down and upon the opposite side of the stream. But it is here that the true soul of the place abides; and for every pilgrim that climbs up to the stern old battlements, there will be a thousand to flock before the candle-lit crevice under the Basilica. The one may have played its part perhaps in the making of a little earthly history; but this other has become one of the gates of God. Within it—it is scarcely larger than an ordinary dining-room—there stands now an altar before which one or more masses are daily said. To one side, beyond walls worn smooth with the elbows and rosaries of half a century of pilgrims, is placed a picture of the Virgin, a shrine illuminated with a stack of continually burning candles. Across its entrance is now a palisade of railings, against which, except at certain times, the faithful must be content to wait and watch, and through which, as they kneel before the Grotto, the Communion is administered to them.

In front of the Grotto, stretching back to the roadway that has been built, with a parapet, alongside the river, are arranged rows of seats seldom empty of worshippers, while beside it are the Piscines, or baths, where the sick may be dipped in water led from the Grotto spring. Perched upon the rock, out of which the Grotto has been carved, is the Basilica, the great church that commemorates the visions, and whose slender spire has become the most prominent landmark for a good

many miles around. Below it is the crypt, lined with memorial tablets, set there by such as have been desirous of visibly recording the blessings that have been granted to them; and below and in front of this is the Chapel of the Rosary, whose porticoes stand open to the great open space, flanked by descending terraces around which, in the afternoon, will be gathered the strangest multitude of sufferers, perhaps, to be seen in all the world, the sorrowful clinic of our Lady of Lourdes.

Just now they are crowded about the entrance to the baths, far more of them than can be admitted, one fears, in this single day, even though the official hours were never so elastic, or the *brancardiers*—a body of self-elected attendants—never so eager or efficient. Here there are waiting in rows upon the seats, in chairs and stretchers, on strong arms and crutches, the tangible illustrations of a whole library of textbooks—poor *malades*, with patient faces, some frankly hopeless, brought here by the efforts and hard savings of a pleading family, others still holding with both hands to the unconquerable hope in a Divine interposition. Are there not a thousand crutches hanging there from the rocky front of the Grotto, evidences of past favors from the Blessed Virgin—visible signs of mistaken diagnoses, says our unbeliever—and behind these the reports, true and legendary, of a thousand other benefits and cures?

So they wait, an always changing audience, knocking at the portals of Heaven's mercy, sprinkling themselves with the holy water brought to them in little cans and bottles, and biding their time, with what patience they can command, for their turn to be dipped bodily in the healing stream. Sights that would ordinarily revolt, perhaps, become here merely the occasion for murmurs of pity, for the reiterated invocations of passers-by. Scarred faces,

that would be timidly veiled in any other corner of the world, are here laid bare to the sunshine with a frank pathos, if haply even looking upon so sacred a scene may gain some little boon of miracle. As we linger upon the hot pavement we study them for awhile, sick and well, men and women, who might, any one of them almost, have sat for Millet or Le Breton, dogged, devoted, childlike, if you would have it so, but with the childhood that believes and is made happy in a literal Heaven and a very personal Godhead. Is it not wonderful? A young priest, speaking English, pauses for a moment at our side. Is it not wonderful? And he reminds us that, alas! France must be no longer regarded as a Catholic country. He shakes a sorrowful head. The State has pronounced against religion—against clericalism, if you like to put it that way—but in reality against religion, and with a fervor of bitterness, of which only a Latin race could be capable. They have robbed us of the children, he says, and the times are evil; and yet, behold, is there another country in all the world that could offer such a spectacle of faith as this? The smile that is never far away, for all the solemnity of Lourdes, breaks out again, if a trifle wistfully. Ah, *la belle France*, but it will all come right in the end. The pendulum will swing back. The heart of the people must have its God again, and its God is still the dear Son of our Lady of Lourdes.

And it is here, after all, we reflect, that we see Lourdes at its best, here at the Grotto and the Piscines, in the Basilica and the crypt, and the Rosary Chapel, in the great space below the terrace, and around the gaudy statue of the Virgin at its opposite end. Up there, towards the Château, whether we will or not, the more commercial side of it all must intrude itself upon us—the great hotels, with their lifts

and telephones and large profits, the electric trams, the shops full of statuary and medals, the waxwork presentations of scenes in little Bernadette's short life—she died some twenty years ago in a convent—all these; and we cannot help feeling that Bernadette, by her visions, has conferred a very substantial material prosperity upon her relatives and fellow-citizens. And yet again, all the time, so simple is the history, so artless the investigations that followed it, so entirely sincere the devotion of the many to the few, that one cannot but spurn as unworthy any idea of a deliberate charlatanism. The prosperity has been the gift of Heaven, the inevitable adjunct to a holy celebrity. And why not?

On our way back from our morning stroll we meet an English pilgrimage, the largest that has ever come here, on its way to be received by the Bishop of Tarbes, whose palace overlooks the valley of the Grotto. We exchange greetings and pass on, up through some narrow by-ways of the town, and presently, crossing the river higher up, drop down into a path by its side, winding up towards the beautiful valley of Angèges, towards Pierrefitte and Cauteret and the inner heart of the French Pyrenees. And here, for a brief breathing space, we touch fingers again, upon the outskirts of the town, with a more usual existence. Here the grass is being cut in great fragrant swathes, and upon the banks of the river the old women are washing their clothes. The air is heavy and languorous, unpurged by yesterday's thunderstorm, and we turn regretful eyes towards the snow tops of twenty miles away. Lazily we complete our circle, returning again through a busy market-place into the crowded streets. Black eyes flash at us appraisingly, brown fingers hold up rosaries for our regard, and we are called upon to observe the attractions of a hundred inexpensive trinkets. We

pass the hospital, filled to its last corner with the sick from all corners of Europe, tended by devoted Sisters, and the scene, we are assured, of numerous unexplainable miracles. We pass sheds where the poor and hardy may spend the night for nothing, and lodging-houses to suit any sort of purse. And so the hot hours pass away for us quickly enough until, as three o'clock draws near, there comes for each sick person, for every faithful pilgrim indeed, the supreme moment of the day, when the officiating priest, bearing the golden monstrance, shall hold out in benediction to each worshipping sufferer the broken body of his Lord and Saviour.

This is the ceremony towards which converges the whole of the day's preparations. It is the crisis, as it were, of the universal worship, the breaking-point of spiritual tension, a breaking-point, often enough, of tears and sobs, and the commonest moment, we are assured, of healing manifestations. Here there must be gathered, in an almost tropical sunshine, at least ten thousand persons, ranged round in a great circle, below the steps of the Rosary Chapel, the sick innermost, with the *brancardiers* watching over them, and outside, four or five deep, their women-folk and odd outsiders. This is a place for the mute revealing of secrets, and faces, that have hidden from the world all outward traces of illness, are present inside the ring, the declared sufferers from who shall say what manner of divers diseases. We notice that the sick of each pilgrimage are ranged together, decked with little badges of distinction, while before each separate body of them moves a priest, a rosary in his hand, leading them in prayer. The men of the various pilgrimages, such as are able-bodied, have not yet come upon the scene, but will presently march here in procession, bearing their particular banners, and each carrying

a lighted candle in his hand. To the last moment of waiting the *brancardiers* are busy making room for sick late-comers, easing and arranging with the deft hands of pity and experience. And so at last to the chanting of a hymn come the first figures of the long procession from the Grotto.

Marching in two parallel rows of single file, sufficiently wide apart for the banner-bearers in the middle to have plenty of elbow-room, they come in an apparently interminable series, entering the wide open space at its distant end, and dividing to take each side of the waiting circle on their way to the platform in front of the Chapel. Here they begin to gather themselves *en masse*, an army of black smocks, for a background to the white-robed priests. Presently, at the far end of the procession, there comes into sight the canopy, borne by four bearers, beneath which walks the officiating priest—an English bishop to-day, as it chances—bearing the golden, sun-shaped monstrance with its sacred burden. Behind him walk one or two attendants and his chaplain; and so in a moment or two the great hour of the Blessing of the Sick has begun. The fervor becomes intense; and as the bishop, in his heavy robes, moves slowly from patient to patient, the crowd in his immediate neighborhood fall upon their knees, the others in one voice, if with many tongues, calling out across the wide spaces their age-old cries for mercy: "Seigneur, Seigneur, ayex pitié de moi!" "Lord, save us, or we perish!" "Mein Herr und mein Gott!"

The hot sun pours down upon us. There is no shade. The great arena is a white glare of reflected light. And to the bishop, swathed in vestments, stooping continually to each succeeding sufferer, the centre, if only vicariously, of this great tide of adoration, our sympathy goes out. For fully an hour, perhaps for longer, his slow jour-

ney must proceed. None can be left out. He must neither slacken nor be weary. As he draws near at length, and we too bend at his approach, we can see the perspiration standing out in beads upon his forehead. The crowd about us thrills to the approaching wave of ecstasy. But for him it has been the wave's crest all the way along. And yet it is just this, as he tells us afterwards, that robs him of any thought of bodily fatigue. He is borne upwards upon it as upon a sea of visible and passionate belief. And he himself is supported by the very exaltation of all these ten thousand worshippers, that it has been his high privilege to arouse. Afterwards, in the quiet of the hotel, he may encounter the inevitable weariness of reaction, but out here his mission holds him tireless. So, finally, and to an ever-deepening note of almost agonized entreaty, he completes the long round, moves up towards the platform at the top, takes his stand before the assembled body of men and priests, and pronounces above the whole kneeling concourse the words of his last benediction. An immediate stillness falls over us, prolongs itself for a moment, and then, from a far corner there comes a sudden odd cry. The multitude of faces swings round like a leaf to the wind. A meek-faced little woman, who has been bed-ridden for fourteen years, rises up from her invalid chair, totters a few steps into the open space. Behold, she is a *miraculée*.

A few minutes later we are enabled to make our way through the surging crowd about the Bureau des Contestations, the little room near the Grotto, where the doctors, always in attendance, receive and set down the testimonies of the patients, examine the evidences, laugh away gently the too-ready protestations of a cure that are so frequently made, and admit to the records such as seem worthy of their

place. The crowd beats against the door, but inside there is a comparative calm, and we are allowed to examine the *miraculées* at our leisure, all women to-day, four of them, emerged from the thousands. The little meek-faced woman, with the rapture of her devotion still shining in her eyes, rises and shakes hands with us. The evidence of her bedridden years seems satisfactory, although we note that there appears to be no obviously insuperable physical reason why she should not have walked before. But no matter. The controversial side of Lourdes and its cures have been fought out on many arenas; and if we construe the miracle after another fashion we can still congratulate her very heartily upon the happy consummation. We stay a little while with the doctors, chatting about their work, impressed with the unflinching tenderness and sense of humanity with which they strike the practical note, that must inevitably come as something of an anti-climax to the scene that we have just been witnessing.

On the road to the hotel we overtake the bishop, wending a leisurely way back to dinner. Two Belgian women kneel down to kiss the big amethyst ring that is the sign of his office, the bond of their common Catholicity lying too deep for any interference of race or language. Must we believe these things? We know already that to do so is no essential canon of the Catholic faith, and this bishop, humblest of prelates, is yet something of a statesman. No doubt, he assures us, for every temporal blessing these poor folk receive they will receive twenty spiritual ones; and how can so great a faith be spent in vain? So we return together rather silently, and one of us, at any rate, with the conviction that he has been admitted to the inner sanctum of a great and vital creed. The details might have jarred perhaps upon a too

æsthetic purist; even the objective of it all, to the large majority, this apparently whimsical interference of the Divine Pity, after much beseeching, in the humdrum earthly ailments of so tiny a proportion, might have seemed crude beyond belief. Yet we knew that, for all that, these acres of sun-baked gravel had still been holy ground; while if this afternoon had been in any degree typical, then its consecration rested upon a tradition scarcely less sacred perhaps than that assigned to it by its most literal believers.

And yet perhaps, of all hours spent at Lourdes, it will not be this, but one later, that will remain longest in the memory of a brief visit—an hour that struck a note no less ardent than that of its predecessors, but with a certain added quality of rejoicing, that came as a fitting crown upon the day's devotion. Between eight and nine o'clock, as we drank our after-dinner coffee in the little boulevard, there came up to us the first bars of the Lourdes hymn, and presently between the trees we could see a growing myriad of tiny lights flashing about the Grotto. The hymn waxed stronger. *Ave, Ave, Ave Maria—Ave, Ave, Ave Maria*, with a slow and almost barbaric, yet joyful, monotony. And as we went down towards the scene of the afternoon's service, we could see it gathering shape, this giant procession of candle-bearers, men, women and children—French, Flemish, English, American, priests, peasants and gentry—moving towards us with no semblance of confusion, but after a settled plan, a river of light in the soft June darkness.

Above it the outlines of the Basilica had already been pencilled out in electric lights, its delicate spire, in a haze of pale-blue radiance, lifting itself up

against the deepening violet of the sky. At the opposite end of the dim arena the head of the carved Virgin was surrounded with a bright halo of tiny lamps; and upon the summit of the Pic du Ger, three thousand feet high over the little town, there blazed out among the stars a flaming cross, the last word, if one may so put it, in the stage-management, as though the very heavens themselves had declared themselves in worship. For an hour we stood there, while they filed past us, rank upon rank, each separate battalion of singers, renewing the melody of the hymn in all manner of different keys, and with a hundred varying accents, but never conveying the least impression of discord—a spectacle and chorus unique surely in two hemispheres. They were still singing when the bells struck nine, and it must have been nearly ten o'clock when at last the whole vast gathering assembled before the Rosary Chapel to recite the Credo with such an intensity of unquestioning conviction that our young priest of the morning, if he were present, must have felt his very being leap out to embrace them. It would have been the day's last note for him, no doubt—a note of triumphant justification. For ourselves, as we returned finally to our hotel there remained perhaps another one. In a shady corner, yet still in the very heart of all that had been taking place, we came accidentally upon a lover and his sweetheart. We saw him stooping in the act of bestowing upon her a very leisurely embrace—not an uncommon sight, perhaps, but one that gave us just then a distinct sensation of shock. It served, at any rate, to remind us how far, in twenty-four hours, we had diverged from a normal humanity.

H. H. Bashford.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS ON ROADS.

The first International Road Congress was held in Paris during the week which ended on Saturday, October 17. On the whole the congress may be pronounced a success, chiefly on account of the large number of interested visitors present, and from the fact that on certain points there was a strong consensus of opinion that roads can now be constructed to stand modern automobile traffic at slight additional cost, and that the two nuisances dust in summer and mud in winter can be greatly minimized in their extent.

The congress, though not wholly official, received the support of the French Government. The letters of invitation and explanatory circulars were sent out from the general secretary of the Ministère de Travaux publics; consequently the invitations were not confined to delegates sent by the Governments of the various countries represented, but were sent to representative public bodies, road authorities, automobile clubs, and to engineers and other members of the public who are likely to have knowledge and be interested in the great question of road communications.

The attendance at the meetings was generally very good; the rooms were crowded. As is usual, the hospitality shown by the French in the way of *fêtes* and excursions made the week very enjoyable to the French provincial visitors as well as to the foreign visitors. The first reception was at the Sorbonne, afterwards a grand evening reception at the Hôtel des Invalides, a gala performance at the Comédie Française, and a final sitting at the Sorbonne on Saturday morning announcing the results obtained.

The general procedure was as follows. Early in the year requests were

sent to all the interested countries that contributions should be submitted in the form of short papers, which would be printed and circulated previous to the congress, the substance of which would be collected by a reporter of each of the groups, and on which discussions would take place. The subjects on which these memoirs were invited were the following:—General reports on the construction and maintenance of existing roads, special reports on the cost of road-bed and methods of construction of roads; special reports on maintenance questions—on this group of construction and maintenance of roads thirty-two papers were received, of which seven were by English contributors.

The second group of questions related to that part of road construction and maintenance which was rightly named at the congress "the present struggle against the wear and the dust." These included methods of cleaning and washing, and questions were specially put asking for experience in the use of tar or similar insoluble binding materials. Twenty-two papers were received in this group, five of them by English authors. Another group was on the roads of the future. On this question fifteen papers were received, none of them by English authors.

The remaining questions were those relating to traffic, damage caused to the roads by speed or by the weight of the vehicles, by pneumatic tyres, anti-skidding devices and similar matters. To this question sixteen papers were specially addressed, half of them by Englishmen. Then came seven papers, all by Frenchmen, on road signalling and milestones; and finally six papers on public vehicles used on the roadway, including tramway services. Five of

these were by Frenchmen and one by a Spanish engineer.

Altogether ninety-eight papers were contributed, printed and circulated previous to the congress to all the subscribing members. This part of the work was splendidly done. The papers were sent in in their original language; in many cases they were completely translated; in some cases summaries were made in more than one language. It will be seen that about one-fifth of the whole of the papers came from England.

The discussions were divided into two sections, first those chiefly relating to road construction, and second those relating to the use of the roads and the vehicles running on them. They were held in the old tennis court at the corner of the Tuilleries Gardens next to the Place de la Concorde, and on the plateau immediately surrounding this building were grouped a large number of modern appliances used on the roads, such as road rollers, road repairing machines, machinery for brushing and watering by horse-power and by automobile power, and lastly, a long array of machines for distributing tar or other bituminous compounds on the road to render it waterproof and dustless. Inside the building a number of smaller exhibits were shown of various road materials and specimens cut out of existing roads, the latter being chiefly found on a collective English exhibit.

As stated at the commencement of this article, the success of the congress lay chiefly in the interest which it excited, and in the fact that for the first time a large number of road engineers and of those interested in the use of roads were brought together in a very pleasant manner, and, as is usual at these meetings, a great many useful friendships were formed which will undoubtedly lead to the better circulation of new ideas on road construction.

The number of English professional visitors was very large. Among the English visitors were found chairmen of the county councils, many of the most prominent county engineers, with a large sprinkling of municipal men and of surveyors of the various rural districts. As might be expected, a very considerable number of these gentlemen were not sufficiently familiar with French to follow the debates, which for the most part were conducted in French.

At an early stage it became evident that the knowledge possessed by some of the English visitors was very valuable to the congress, but that there was a great risk of their experience being lost, so that it was decided to hold supplementary meetings of the English-speaking, *i. e.* the English and American, visitors, previous to the regular meetings, and this course, although at first sight it might have seemed as if the English-speaking races wished to be exclusive, turned out to be of use. The results of the discussions by the English-speaking sections were delegated to one or two speakers, who afterwards communicated them during the main debates. In this way some useful resolutions were carried which cannot now be given, as they were not printed or agreed to in detail when the writer left Paris immediately after the final sitting on Saturday; but, speaking generally, it may be said that a great many of these resolutions are of but small importance to us in England, as they relate to such well understood and generally agreed to subjects as the necessity of providing substantial concrete foundations underneath paved roadways, a form of construction which has been generally adopted in England for the last quarter of a century, and to methods of drainage and similar matters equally understood by us.

On a matter, however, of common

interest, that is, the substitution of tar or bituminous binding material in place of the water hitherto used to consolidate and hold together the road material, and which is conveniently dealt with under the French name "*Goudronnage*," the congress practically gave a unanimous answer. This was to the effect that if *goudronnage* be properly carried out; if the tar or similar material be chosen with reasonable care to avoid matter soluble in water, such as ammoniacal liquor remaining mixed in the tar so that it can be subsequently washed out by the rain or dried out in the form of crystals which might afterwards form an irritating dust; if the tar be put on in the correct quantity, and this quantity the smallest required to hold the individual stones of the road metal firmly in position, so that they never roll or move in relation to one another, and their upper surfaces are allowed to wear themselves bare of tar, it is not a difficult matter to obtain, at quite a moderate expense, a waterproof road which will not do any damage to vegetation, which will be practically dustless if it be swept at reasonable intervals from horse droppings or dust blown upon it from the adjoining land, and which need not be slippery, either to horse or to automobile traffic, whether the surface be wet or dry.

It appears certain also that by so dealing with the roadways their wear can be so greatly reduced that the annual cost of upkeep of roads so treated will be considerably less than the cost of the existing water-bound roads, of which so much of the material is lost by being blown away as dust in summer or washed away as mud in winter.

There can be no doubt that all engineers, English and Continental, are at one on this important question, and this in spite of the fact that many paragraphs, obviously inspired by those who wish to recommend other binding

materials, were widely circulated in the journals during the progress of the congress. It had been roundly asserted that tar was a palliative, but that on the whole its defects were greater than its advantages. Those who were present at the congress know that this is an incorrect statement; that such damage as has occurred to trees and vegetation, or inconvenience to passengers, such as irritation of the eyes and throat, which followed on the early applications of tar to the French roads during the Grand Prix race, was due to well understood causes, that is to say, to the use of crude tar and its application to a road surface which had already broken up, both of which faults the congress unanimously condemned.

It may be here remarked that owing to the cautiousness, and hence the reticence, of some of the most important of our road authorities, the true position of England, which now possesses the greatest lengths of carefully water-proofed roads of any country in the world, was not put forward so much as might have been the case.

It was interesting to converse with American engineers, who, on account of the importance of road development in America, are studying this question very closely, and to hear from them how much more they could learn by visiting our English roads than anywhere in France, at any rate near the capital. French engineers, although they have practised *goudronnage* to a considerable extent, have not been careful enough in excluding the ammoniacal liquor, and in many cases have put on the tar irregularly and in far too great a quantity; wherever this is the case softening in hot weather and slipping in wet weather is likely to follow.

Before the congress closed the question of the next congress was talked of, and it appears likely to be held in

Brussels in about two years' time.

As regards that section of the congress relating to the influence of the vehicles themselves on the road, some of the papers were very valuable; but curiously enough the French, who above all other nations were the first to appreciate the great advantages of large wheel diameter, in their draft resolutions fixing the maximum weights

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to be carried per unit width of wheel left out the important factor of the influence of wheel diameter, though, luckily, owing to the influence of the English-speaking delegates, it is probable this factor will be reinstated in the form in which it exists in our own very well-considered regulations issued by the Local Government Board.

THANKSGIVING.

Prayer and thanksgiving are perpetually coupled in the Old Testament. The latter was as essential as the former in the worship of Jehovah. To forget the benefits of God to the race was the very foundation of impiety. The Jew came into the presence of God with a psalm of thanksgiving. It was part of the ordained sacrifice. The Passover itself was a feast of thanks. In like manner St. Paul dwells urgently upon the spiritual necessity of thankfulness. The Christian must "in everything give thanks." Evidently St. Paul considered thanksgiving to be a duty, and one from which a man must not look to his personal situation or his sympathetic sufferings to absolve him. The whole creation might groan and travail around him, but still he must give thanks.

Considering this attitude of the Jewish and early Christian Churches, it is strange to remember that the Lord's Prayer does not contain a clause devoted to thanksgiving, and that but little direct allusion is made in the Gospel to the duty of thankfulness. Without doubt the comparative silence of our Lord on this subject is sympathetic to the modern man. Thanksgiving "in every thing"—even formal thanksgiving—is not as easy to us as it was to our fathers. It tends to be-

come more and more a momentary expression of personal relief, escape, or happiness. The Jews' devout interpretation of their history, which made memory ever ready with reasons for spiritual rejoicing, sprang, at least in some measure, from their early belief in a tribal God. Our knowledge of the history of the world, our belief that God is in no sense a national God, forbid us any longer to take the Jewish point of view. For generations the early Church rejoiced in the thought of the abolition of death by Christ. The glory of the great discovery made even martyrdom easy. Truly those men had something to be thankful for! That period of keen and intense spiritual perception is gone. In the providence of God, it did not last very long. But it left the world with a theory of the universe, a theory which Paul conceived, and which sprang alive from his brain, a vital thing palpitating with the eternal emotions of contrition, love, and forgiveness. It contained in itself the elements of change and of growth, and might have remained vital until now had the schoolmen not defined it to death. Till lately, however, the dry bones of this theory have sufficed to pacify the spiritual curiosity of the world, and men thanked God that at least they were not in the dark. We are begin-

ning to feel now that the great plan of God is beyond our grasp; that St. Paul was right when he confessed that after all he had not altogether apprehended it; and that it has been analyzed since his time by no ecclesiastical Committee whatever. We cannot any longer thank God that we, without merit of our own, are redeemed from an eternal torture to which others, without fault of their own, are condemned. Such thanksgiving would stand between our souls and the keeping of the two Commandments of Christ. Even if we could still hold the terrible doctrine that the God in whom Christ taught us to trust was at enmity with all those who had not been reconciled to Him by correct conviction, compassion would seem to us a more worthy emotion than thankfulness. Again, to come to smaller matters, we can no longer rouse thankfulness in our own breasts, nor in those of our friends, by pointing to the greater and less deserved misfortunes of others. Our thanks are silenced by sympathy. Those who take upon them to preach their duty to the suffering at all point not to the glorying of the martyrs, but to Christ's resignation to the will of God.

(Nevertheless, it remains a self-evident fact that thankfulness is in itself a good thing. Some conscious effort after it must, therefore, be a wholesome discipline,—some effort which shall lift us above our own gains and grievances. It is the religious aspect of gratitude, and they are ungrateful people who are for ever weighing the exact amount of the benefits they have received, and for ever missing the eternal values which defy calculation. In the stiff spirit of rebellion which to-day forbids so many people to bow their heads in thankfulness to God or man there lurks a strange weakness. Cowardice and selfishness prey upon

them, and they cannot shake them off. As a rule, they are a mischievous element in the community in which they find themselves. As we watch them we understand why our Lord spoke in one breath of "the unthankful and the evil." Some invisible link would seem to exist between the spirit of thankfulness and moral strength. If we are led to wonder how a given man can be so thankful in such adverse circumstances, or so grateful for so little kindness, we are sure to find ourselves wondering also at the exceptional beauty of his character. It certainly "becometh well the just to be thankful"; but even for the just it is often very difficult.

The Disciples of Christ said, "Teach us to pray," and the world owes them an eternal debt. Yet we sometimes wish they had added, "Teach us to give thanks." Can we extract this teaching from the Gospel for ourselves? There is not much to go on; but there is something. Christ's teaching on the subject, so far as we can gather it from His precept and example, bears a close relation to His teaching about prayer. He did not restrict either the one or the other to spiritual benefits. He prayed for the necessities of life, and gave thanks for them. In almost every description of a meal the Evangelists record the giving of thanks. He thanked God also for the simplicity of true religion—that it could be revealed to ignorant people who in the eyes of the wise were but children—and He thanked God for the sense that His prayers were heard,—"Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And I knew that thou hearest me always." He grieved over the fact that only one man in ten who was restored to health interrupted his business or pleasure to return open thanks to God, and He advised the man whose faith, He said, had healed his sickness to

make acknowledgment of his thankfulness according to the rites in which he was brought up,—to “offer the gift that Moses commanded.” It is impossible to suppose that our Lord thought of God as requiring any sacrifice—the prophets had risen ages before above any such conception—impossible also to imagine that our Lord thought that in the case of the careless nine, God, like some half-hearted philanthropist, would grieve over a deficit of thanks. When He said, “The Sabbath was made for man,” He put all religious observances on to a new plane. It was the men, not God, who registered a loss. It would have been good for them to have been mindful of their benefits, would have lifted their thoughts and made them happier and stronger. He was distressed that they had failed to recognize “the things which belong unto thy peace.” One of the severest condemnations in all the parables is spoken against the man who remained unsoftened by the forgiveness of a debt. An act of cruelty cancelled for him the gift of grace. His own shortcomings were counted to him again. Once more he is made to “possess the iniquities of [his] youth.” We see that he has injured his own moral nature by his ingratitude. These are, we think, the only direct references to thankfulness contained in the Gospels. In the last prayer of Christ—as it is recounted by John—He speaks of the friends whom God had given to Him, and whom He loved to the end, and implicitly, if not explicitly, gave thanks that he had retained their devotion. “Of them

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which thou gavest me have I lost none.”

May we not say, then, without unduly straining either incidents or language, that Christ counsels us to give thanks for our daily bread, for our health, the love of our friends, the simplicity of true religion and for the sympathy of God? A nobler rule of thanksgiving could not be imagined. It does not require us to understand the universe, to take any particular view of history—such things are impossible to “babes”—or to share the ecstasy of the early Church. Christ is “the light of the world,” not its explanation, a “kindly light amid the encircling gloom.” Even Newman could say no more. Christianity takes for granted that there is “something amiss,”—some enemy hath sown tares. It takes for granted, also that all will come right in the long last, “but of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son.” The thanks required of those who accept the religion Christ taught preclude neither sympathy nor bewilderment. They are such as the vast majority of men can offer during the greater portion of their lives. As to those who cannot we can but conclude that with the sacrifice of thanks, as with the sacrifice of alms, “if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.” Otherwise the yoke of Christian worship would not be easy, but, like the Jewish ceremonial which it supplanted, a burden too grievous to be borne.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

The greatest athletic contest in the annals of electioneering has resulted in the election of Mr. Taft to the Presidency. Mr. Bryan has not improved the position he attained in the presidential voting of 1896 and 1900, and Mr. Taft's "plurality" is almost as large as that of Mr. Roosevelt over Judge Parker in 1904. Though some of the middle Western States have perceptibly weakened their Republican attachment, as, for instance, Ohio and Indiana, which have elected Democratic State governors, the only gains which Mr. Bryan has been able to add to swell the allegiance of his "Solid South" are Nevada, Montana, Colorado and his native State, Nebraska. The keystone States, New York, Indiana, and Ohio, all of which it was virtually essential Mr. Bryan should win to secure a reasonable chance of his return, have gone for Mr. Taft, and the nation stands firm to the cause of the Republican Party.

This result, foretold with confidence by most watchful observers of the currents of public opinion in the United States, must serve to correct some of the impressions of the American situation and the American character prevalent among foreigners. Mr. Bryan appeared to possess many of the qualities of an acceptable candidate. Shallow and uncritical as he was, he had personal magnetism and the gift of emotional oratory, and his platform appearances in the stupendous campaign which has just ended were admittedly more successful than those of Mr. Taft. Again, it was anticipated that the calamitous condition of trade during the last twelve months, directly attributed and not without some reason to the turbulent activities of the Republican administration under the stimulus of Mr. Roosevelt, would have told heav-

ily against the Government. The Republican machine, at any rate, it was confidently held, would be crippled for effective electioneering by the withdrawal of the heavy financial support of the rich corporations, which it had hitherto received. Finally, a great parade was made of the entrance of the Federation of Labor, with its two million members, into party politics upon the Democratic side.

It is now evident that all these considerations had very little weight with the body of the American electorate, East or West, or else that any influence they exercised was counteracted by other more potent and less evident forces. There can be no question but that widespread and violent discontent exists among large sections of the people, particularly among the lower grade wage-earners of the industrial centres, who, even before the pinch of poverty in this disastrous year, had felt the crushing force of the Tariff and the Trusts. But why should this discontent find vent in the election of Mr. Bryan and the substitution of the Democratic political machine for the Republican? The Democrats do not even pretend to be Free Traders, or to seek more than to abate the burden of the Tariff, and, though they breathe fury against the Trusts, they have tabled no practical proposals of grappling with them more plausible than those set in operation by Mr. Roosevelt and his law officers. The discontented and the revolutionary elements have come to recognize that neither of the two historic parties has the will or the power to rectify by the federal instrument the heavy inequalities and economic abuses from which they suffer. It looks as if the more detailed record of the voting would give solid testimony to this feeling, either in a large

abstention or in a considerable accession of votes to the Socialist and independent candidates.

If due allowance is made for this factor, the preference of what is known in America as "the better element" and of the solid phalanx of political indifferents for Mr. Taft is intelligible. The sober business American, whose secret influence upon the lower grades of citizens is very great, has returned the strong, safe man. He has felt that what was needed most just now was a restoration of confidence, and that Mr. Taft was more likely to bring about the restoration than Mr. Bryan. It is true that Mr. Taft is committed to a continuance of the drastic cleaning process which Mr. Roosevelt has applied with so much vigor to the business institutions of his country. But Mr. Taft's record has been bright rather than meteoric, he is less impulsive and more taciturn (to put it mildly) than his godfather, and his policy is likely to be slower and more conciliatory. Now this is what the ordinary "good American," who is neither a friend of trusts nor a Radical reformer, wants. A gradual restoration of profitable business, no sudden violent laying of hands upon the levers of public or private finance, a firm and moderately active foreign policy, and more discreet relations with the Federal Legislature—these are the principal requirements of the American whose influence has elected Mr. Taft. It will be a presidency more likely to mark time than to make history. But it may be none the worse for that, for there has been discernible a certain breathlessness in the efforts even of the more energetic sections of the American people to keep pace with the rushes of their President.

There are two reflections which we would make upon the character and the result of this election. The first has reference to the extraordinary and,

to our interpretation of American institutions, the gravely improper part played by Mr. Roosevelt in using the influence of the White House, first, to procure the nomination of the Republican candidate, and, secondly, to push his candidature by assuming the part of chief organizer of a party campaign. To our mind, this is nothing other than an abuse of a high position of trust which the American Constitution, as interpreted by the uniform conduct of previous occupants of the Presidential chair, designed to be removed from and above the schemes and struggles of party. We are well aware that party as a political instrument stands on a different footing in the United States from here, and at least one important officer whose impartiality might have been expected to remain intact—to wit, the Speaker in the House of Representatives—has come to be little better than a party tool. If it were merely a question of personal dignity, we might agree with Mr. Roosevelt's friends that he has so much dignity he need not stand upon it to preserve it. But for a President, who had already stretched every precedent in encroachment upon those legislative functions which it was the most express design of "the founders" to remove from the executive officials, to end his term of office as a passionate partisan, might seem a license likely to provoke resentment among constitutionalists in America.

Finally, some speculation upon the probable future of the Democratic Party is inevitable. It has long been recognized that the earlier lines of principles and policy which demarcated it from the Republican are almost obliterated. States rights no longer furnish a cleavage. No solution of the graver social problems of America is even conceivable upon State as distinguished from federal lines. There is no strong genuine difference between the attitude of the two par-

ties on Protection, Imperialism, or Foreign Policy, the three largest issues clearly within the federal power. Upon control of transport and the curbing of industrial and financial illegalities the promises of the one party do not in principle transcend the performances of the other. The Republican Party upon the whole has displayed more consistency and more stability of purpose. The Democrats have now tried Mr. Bryan as financial revolutionist, Judge Parker as a Conservative,

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and Mr. Bryan again as a Liberal, and they have been thoroughly beaten upon each platform. It is difficult to believe that any party, in a live electorate like that of the United States, can survive so hopeless a record. Unless a thoroughly radical reconstruction can take place, it is hardly possible that the Democratic Party can avoid displacement before 1912 by some new, more virile, alignment of the reforming forces of the people.

THE REPUBLICAN TRIUMPH.

The victory of Mr. Roosevelt's policy and candidate has proved more complete than their most ardent supporters had hoped. The South, with the exception of Maryland, has remained true to its ancient Democratic traditions, and Oklahoma, which has been mainly peopled from States where Populism was strong, has not been diverted from supporting Mr. Bryan by Mr. Hearst's revelations as to the corrupt relations of its Governor with the Standard Oil monopolists. Mr. Bryan has carried his own State of Nebraska; he has come near to carrying a few other Western States of minor importance with silver or Populist traditions, such as Nevada, Montana, and possibly Indiana. But elsewhere his defeat is crushing. The Republicans have regained Maryland, have kept West Virginia and other doubtful States, and, above all, have held the pivotal State of New York. That is a welcome triumph over Tammany, and a victory for the rural districts and smaller cities, which are more or less Puritan in their views, over the more worldly tendencies of the chief city of the Union, with its large foreign, ignorant, and corrupt or corruptible electorate. The American public gen-

erally will be all the healthier for the election of Mr. Hughes, and the consequent check to one of the least desirable phases of sport. Elsewhere local conditions have unexpectedly favored the election of isolated Democratic Congressmen and Governors, but this only emphasizes the Republican victory on the Federal issue. There the defeat of the Democrats is definitive and complete. The Republicans carry 30 States out of 46; in the Electoral College, which conducts the formal election, they have 314 votes against 169; and Mr. Taft's majority of the whole electorate is estimated at 1,113,750.

Mr. Taft's election has from the first been regarded as certain, provided that none of the numerous cross-currents set up during the election should sweep away an appreciable number of the apathetic sections of the electorate. The Democratic party was saddled with a candidate who, though personally attractive, gifted with great oratorical powers, and astonishingly energetic, could not possibly combine the Radical and Populist sections of the party in the West and its old Conservative elements in parts of the East and South. Mr. Bryan, though sound

from our point of view on tariff revision, was weighted with other and unsound economic traditions. The "emergency currency" of the Democratic platform suggested silver or illimitable greenbacks rather than a safe expansion of the secured note issue of the national banks; and the wind had been taken out of his sails in advance by Mr. Roosevelt's speeches in the West last year, and by the certainty that something would be attempted by the Republicans towards tariff reduction and towards checking the domination of the Trusts.

From a business point of view, it is impossible not to welcome the result. Mr. Bryan could have done nothing to abate the economic evils which undoubtedly exist in the United States. Labor grievances are a matter for State, not Federal, legislation; really effective control of the unscrupulous capitalists and speculators would require either amendments of the Federal Constitution or a departure by the Supreme Court from the strictly juristic spirit which has made it the chief glory of the United States, and all Mr. Bryan's nominations to that body would have been viewed with profound suspicion in the light of the Democratic project, entertained in 1896, of appointing judges who would reverse the decision which made an income-tax impossible. Tariff revision under Democratic auspices would have been welcome, if carried out; but it would not have been practicable, and the attempt would only have repeated the prolonged unsettlement of business set up by the Wilson Bill in 1894. It is true that the business depression of

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last year was not due to politics, but popular opinion in America is superficial on these matters, and the charges made this year against President Roosevelt would have been repeated in an intensified form under President Bryan. What is more, they would have been generally believed, and some of his supporters would have done their best to confirm them. There would have been constant uncertainty, prolonged depression, and a fresh stimulus to the forces making for the quick remedies offered by Populism and Socialism. In foreign affairs, too, the results would have been productive of disappointment. Mr. Bryan's horizon has been considerably widened by study and travel since he first stood for the Presidency twelve years ago, but he is not an experienced administrator; the forces behind him represent the old American traditions tending to ignore foreign policy, and we doubt if he would have realized the mission of his Government in helping the backward States of Spanish America to "straighten out their finances," adjust their differences by arbitration, and develop themselves with the aid of European Immigrants and American capital. Mr. Taft in this matter will fully carry on the Roosevelt tradition, and his diplomatic and administrative skill has been tested in the Philippines and at the War Office. He, at any rate, will be an efficient chief of the Executive. And we may hope that in 1912 the great Democratic party will have found a platform and a candidate that can restore its power to obtain tariff revision and other undoubtedly desirable ends.

MR. TAFT'S ELECTION.

The returns of the Presidential election show that Mr. Taft's victory is decisive and overwhelming. His majority in the electoral college does not fall greatly short of Mr. Roosevelt's four years ago, and his majority of votes, taking the country as a whole, is at least a round million. The American people have given their decision upon the great issue before them with an emphasis that leaves nothing to be desired. Their friends in this country, where all are their friends, no longer bound by the reticence which courtesy demands of the spectators of a domestic contest, are free to express profound satisfaction with their choice. Mr. Taft's dignified career, his unsullied integrity, his strenuous public service, and his wide acquaintance with the conduct of great affairs abroad as well as at home, mark him out as exceptionally qualified to fill the great office to which he has been called. In addition to all these things, Mr. Taft stands for an intelligible and worthy policy known to all men in America and throughout the world. It is before all things a policy of national honesty, an endeavor to infuse into the conduct of business on the great scale the principles upon which the overwhelming majority of the people of the United States regulate their personal affairs and their private lives. That

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is the policy initiated by Mr. Roosevelt, and that is the policy which the American people confidently expect Mr. Taft to carry out. It is capable of being travestied as an attack upon Trusts, and in that character it has been copied by Mr. Taft's opponents. During the contest every one was loud in protestations of hostility to the Trusts, but the people have been able to distinguish between the real and the factitious, between a genuine desire to abolish evil-doing and an opportunist denunciation of evil-doers. Trusts, as Mr. Roosevelt has declared again and again, are not wholly and necessarily bad, but compounded of good and evil like most things human. They will not be reformed by those who attack them indiscriminately in the same spirit that produces their evil qualities. The evil in them can be dealt with by men inspired, not with hatred of trusts, but with love of goodness and enlightened regard for the public weal. The people of America, plied from all sides with superficially similar promises of reform, had to look beyond words and to decide who was the man best qualified by character, ability, experience, and associations to carry out genuine reform with quiet but persistent energy. They have made their choice alike decisively and wisely.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

Mr. Taft's victory at the end of four months' furious campaigning is a much more decisive one than the Republicans expected or the Democrats feared. It is a strong national affirmation of the Roosevelt policies. In that sense it is a triumph for Mr. Roosevelt personally;

but it is also, we think, a triumph in another sense for the American people themselves. They have proved that they have grasped an intelligible policy for conducting the external relations of the country, and for replacing corruption by integrity at home; they may be

mercurial, as is so often said, but they have plainly an underlying steadiness and persistence. Sensation, recrimination, and the audacity of prophecy have in turn obscured the issue, or made the result of the conflict between Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan seem to tremble in the balance; but now that the struggle is over, and the smoke has cleared way, we see that the American people stand very much where they did. What they appeared to want during Mr. Roosevelt's term of office they declare now that they still want. Mr. Roosevelt was the general who led them to the position which they hold, and, we believe, intend to go on holding, and he deserves the respect of the whole world. He has the satisfaction of knowing that he will be succeeded by an officer who has served well and faithfully on his staff, a man of honor and decent ideals, but one endowed with the sense and moderation of the practical mind. From every point of view the prospect is encouraging. Mr. Bryan as President, we are sure, would have been an unsettling element in American life. He is eloquent and ingenious, but we disbelieve in his profundity and distrust his dexterity. Even the Democrats were far from being blinded by his rhetorical gifts—some Democrats were his uncompromising opponents—and now there is little doubt that his career as a political force is ended. Three defeats in Presidential Elections, indeed, mean annihilation. The Democrats must nominate a new candidate if they would not again be "beaten to a frazzle," as Mr. Roosevelt says.

Up to the last moment Mr. Bryan professed to believe in that characteristic phenomenon of American voting, a landslide. But the earth remained firm. Such land as did detach itself from the scenery undoubtedly slid the wrong way, from Mr. Bryan's point of view. Mr. Taft carried all the doubt-

ful States except Nebraska. Even New York, which seemed to have given itself over a few days ago to a corybanitic frenzy of Bryanism, declared for Mr. Taft. Altogether, Mr. Taft's majority is a good round million in the country, and he has nearly as large a majority as Mr. Roosevelt had four years ago in the Electoral College. Our readers of course understand that the American people do not elect the President directly, but choose electors, who in their return record the name of their nominee. What the choice of the electors will be is perfectly well known, for they are returned expressly to make a certain choice. The formal election of Mr. Taft will not take place till February, but there is no doubt whatever that the result will correspond in every respect to the elections which are just over. Originally the theory was that the members of the Electoral College should be simply men of experience and independent judgment fit to choose a good President for the people. But in practice the plan amounts to this, that no one would be returned as an elector who did not say whom he intended to choose as President. Every elector is bound by a pledge.

Mr. Bryan came nearest success when with a silver tongue he was advocating the nostrum of free silver. It is of the essence of nostrums to be attractive, and Mr. Bryan seemed at one time likely to make Americans believe that their national health depended on accepting his particular nostrum. The weakness of his programme in the recent election was that it simply plagiarized the Roosevelt policies, and of course it said nothing about silver. Both sides profess themselves now against the corruption of the Trusts, and the American citizen has to decide, not whose policy is right, but who is more likely to see that it is put into effect. It was said over and

over again during the campaign that the working men were outraged by Mr. Roosevelt's stout personal denunciation of some of their leaders, and would certainly vote for Mr. Bryan. The President of the Labor Federation actually prophesied that eighty per cent. of the votes of the Federation would be cast for Mr. Bryan. It is difficult to trace any such massive movement of Labor in the event. Mr. Roosevelt declared, what we are sure is true, that Mr. Taft would be the truer friend of Labor, and apparently the working men, who do not owe a very close allegiance to their organizations, believed him. It may be said that the very active intervention of Mr. Roosevelt in the campaign was undesirable, and there is a great deal in the theory which disapproves of the interference in free elections of persons occupying privileged positions. A wrong kind of influence may be brought thus into play, and this danger, of course, explains the British law which denies a Peer of the realm the right to take part in a Parliamentary election. An indulgent view is generally formed, as a matter of fact, of a Peer's intervention, as Mr. James Lowther used to be reminded annually to his chagrin; and we suspect that a like indulgence will generally be granted to Mr. Roosevelt. His intervention has been characteristically impulsive, and we think we might safely defy any one to say that it has not been sincere or honorable in motive. Really Mr. Roosevelt is so ardently anxious that the public life of the United States should match the respectability of private life, and he believes so deeply that Mr. Taft, as a man and a politician, would be more likely than Mr. Bryan to help the process of assimilation, that he has not been able to restrain himself from declaring his heart whenever there was an opportunity. There was one notorious episode when

he burst out to repudiate the disingenuous argument that because Mr. Rockefeller had publicly declared that he would vote Republican, therefore Mr. Rockefeller had very good reason to know that Mr. Taft had no thought of placing himself at the head of a serious movement against the Trusts.

The Trusts, indeed, are in all men's minds. What will be done to reduce the corruptive license of powerful capitalistic machinery? Will anything be done? Or can anything be done? We have seen great corporations purchasing themselves grossly illegal advantages over their competitors, and, when they are brought before the law, using their wealth again to play off Federal laws against State laws, till all possibility of penalty is lost in a labyrinth of technicalities and a succession of delays. We have seen Mr. Hearst reading letter after letter in public to prove that well-known politicians were in the pay of the Standard Oil Company, the most powerful of all the Trusts. We do not underrate the difficulties of drawing the fangs of these dragons. The American Constitution is itself the greatest of all obstacles in the way. It is so conservative and so cumbrous,—so ill adapted to tackle problems quite unlike anything that was foreseen when the Constitution was established. Then the Senate is a higher barrier, when it chooses to block any path, than any Upper House in the world. In many cases a two-thirds majority is needed, and a little stubbornness or intrigue makes that quite impossible to obtain. Our best hope is that, as there is already a normal two-thirds Republican majority in the Senate, Mr. Taft may be able to inspire it to good and willing service. We should have had little hope if Mr. Bryan had been elected, because he would indubitably have been looked upon as the enemy of commercial stability. In dealing

with the Trusts it is absolutely necessary that commercial confidence should not be destroyed. Commerce is sensitive and timid. It is easily paralyzed, or else it flees the country. It will be a problem in tact for the Republican Party, with Mr. Taft at its head, to combine an unremitting onslaught on corruption with the power to reassure the innocent. Revolutionary methods and ideas would be useless, and worse than useless. Trusts are themselves

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a kind of Socialism, and dog does not eat dog. The Whig spirit of Mr. Taft has as good a chance as any influence we can conceive to carry on the Rooseveltian crusade of public honesty, while avoiding the incidental dangers which would end in reverses. The elections clearly show that it is the wish of Americans seriously to give this mandate to Mr. Taft, and every Englishman will heartily wish him "God-speed."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The cheering admonition, "Keep Up Your Courage," is the title of a little volume of selections in prose and verse, edited by Mary Allette Ayer, and published by the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. They are chosen from a wide variety of authors, well-known and little known, and it is a rational and well-grounded courage which they inculcate.

Mr. Stewart Edward White's "The Riverman" is one of his studies of unrestrained human nature in situations so slightly influenced by convention that it is really free. The hero's field of action is a river in one of the Lake States, and his work combines the dangers of actually managing the spring journey of the logs and the more subtle perils of finance. The former part of the story is related with the ease of thorough knowledge and excellent literary ability, and is the better; the latter, although less fluent, is consistent with the first, and the two make an admirable character study. The McClure Co.

The late Amos G. Warner's "American Charities," a pioneer work in its field, and still a standard authority, has been revised and enlarged and its

statistics brought down to date by one of the author's pupils and co-laborers, Mary Roberts Coolidge. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.) Nothing has occurred to affect the general principles or to change the conclusions in the work in which Dr. Warner first formulated them fourteen years ago; but there has been a great increase of interest in the study of applied philanthropy and economics in that period, and students and workers along these lines will find this new edition of Dr. Warner's work extremely helpful and suggestive.

"A Woman's Way through Unknown Labrador," by Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., is a rare record of wifely devotion, for it is the story of the long hard days, and cold long nights, during which she completed the journey in Labrador, left unfinished by her husband. Their joint work is recognized by the geographical authorities of Europe and America as the sole journey in this field. Mr. Hubbard's account is in the form of a diary; Mrs. Hubbard's is the extended account written after her return to civilization. A map of Eastern Labrador shows the route of the brave pair, and their portraits and many pictures from photographs are the illustrations. The McClure Co.

"The Carolyn Wells Year Book" has a memorandum space for each day somewhere between its covers, but whether pages of those spaces shall alternate with pages of fun, or shall be separated by many pages of jokes is apparently decided by drawing lots or tossing up a cent, or some kindred method of literary selection. The Zodiacal signs are quite new, but the interpretation thereof is not given except in a frivolous way disheartening to a serious palmist; and the table of the metric system begins "Ten mills make a million." The best thing in the book is "The Defence of the Limerick" a succession of versions of "There was a young lady of Niger" written by famous poets dead and living. Not one of them approaches the thrilling simplicity of the original, and the limerick excelleth them all. Q. E. D. Henry Holt & Co.

The chief result of Mr Hamlin Garland's "The Shadow World" will be to leave the subject precisely where he found it as far as the greater number of his readers is concerned, but nevertheless the experiments reported by the author are both valuable and interesting, showing either that certain human beings have wonderful powers not yet analyzed or defined, or else that there are external, unclassified forces capable of influencing and even of directing human beings. Granting the former hypothesis, science is poor and incomplete; granting the latter, it seems necessary also to grant that the early Christian church was not so far wrong in regarding evil spirits as grim realities, and devising methods to defend man against them, or even unto this day maintaining the exorcist as one of the seven orders of the priesthood. Obviously if there be forces or beings capable of subverting all natural laws, it is at his peril that man meddles with them. Harper & Bros.

What song the sirens sang may be a doubtful matter, but that which Miss Beatrice Grimshaw voices in "In the Strange South Seas" so strongly suggests it, that it is best to appropriate the wisdom of the great Ulysses and take a double turn of a good stout rawhide rope about one's ankle and the table-leg before one begins to read; otherwise one may be seen gayly careering to the shore and embarking in a four-masted catboat, or anything else that comes in sight. Yet it is not all beauty which she finds in Tahiti, in Fiji, in Samoa or anywhere. There is leprosy; there are sharks, cockroaches and crabs; there are times when a woman sleeps with a revolver close to her fingers, but such things do not check Miss Grimshaw's eloquence and she ends as she begins. The call of the East seems feeble compared to that of the South Seas as rendered in this fascinating book. The illustrative photographs in the volume are less instructive than the text, but some of them are excellent, and all confirm it. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's "The Gorgeous Isle" is mysterious in its title, but otherwise is far better than the tales which she is accustomed to give her readers. The personages are Byam Warner, a native poet, and English visitors staying at Bath House, on Nevis Island, the "most ambitious structure ever erected in the West Indies." The poet, not being able to write without brandy, has taken the stimulant in disastrous quantities, and has become a social outcast. His friend, a certain Lord Hunsdon, persuades the ladies of the island to attempt his reform and brings about his marriage with an athletic young beauty born too soon in the early Victorian days. The young wife, having worshipped his genius long before seeing him, finds herself compelled to de-

cide between seeing him content with love-in-idleness, or giving him the poison by which he may give full scope to his best self, and she decides the problem very promptly. How she decides it the last page of the story explains. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Possibly if Sir W. H. Gilbert had never written "Bab Ballads," Mr. Thomas Ybarra would never have had the courage to indite such verses as those composing his "Davy Jones's Yarns and other Salted Songs," but in writing them he has not imitated either the English humorist or Mr. Guy Wetmore Carryl, hitherto the American author most resembling him. Sir W. H. Gilbert would hardly have written a story of finding an Icecream-berg, and selling it to the Swiss Admiral, or the tale of the Mince Pirates who escaped death from the deadly Swiss battle buns by the special intercession of Davy Jones because it was his birthday, for in each is an element of exaggeration purely American; but he will certainly rejoice in them, and in the story of the Davy Jones's battle equipment of kittens, a kitten in each pocket and a kitten in each hand, thirty-six lives besides his own. Mr. Ybarra may look forward to very great success in his chosen field; he is not commonplace; he is not eccentric; he does not mistake coarse rudeness for fun; he writes fun as fastidiously as he would indite a ballad to his mistress' eyebrow. Henry Holt & Co.

Mr. H. G. Wells is an admirable brake on the fancy and the inaccuracy of English writing authors. When his countrymen and Americans gayly write and sing of novel inventions, and half-fledged sciences, and picture them as causing great disturbance, but, after all, leaving little change in their track, he shows the same inventions and sciences in unchecked action, and compels

his readers to see that a new force is no trifle. A score of authors, hundreds of journalists, have babbled of aerial fighting. His "The War in the Air" shows New York after receiving the assault of the German air fleet, and this is much; but he continues to show the effect of the spectacle upon a world desirous of conquest, and then inexorably demonstrates its further effect upon individual greed; the invention and employment of cheap individual flying machines, the collapse of civilization, the extinction of manufactures and arts, the reduction of man to the condition of his ancestor, the cave-dweller; the reduction of his luxuries and comforts to the things which he can make with his own unaided, unskilled fingers. The book is a genuine warning, but no one is going to heed it. Meanwhile it is a piece of excellent writing, and abounds in thrills. The Macmillan Co.

Among the volumes of fiction included in the latest instalment of Everyman's Library (E. P. Dutton & Co.) are George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss," for which Dr. Robertson Nicoll furnishes an appreciative introduction, partly biographical and partly critical; Alexandre Dumas's "Marguerite de Valois" or "La Reine Margot," one of the most dramatic and powerful of the great novelist's books, which depicts with a master's hand the tragic intrigues of the reign of Charles the Ninth; Charlotte M. Yonge's striking historical novel, "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest"; Thomas Love Peacock's well-nigh forgotten "Headlong Hall" and "Nightmare Abbey," with an introduction, longer than usual, by the late Dr. Richard Garnett; John G. Edgar's thirteenth-century tale "Runnymede and Lincoln Fair"; Anne Manning's delightful "Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell," and its sequel, "Deborah's Diary," with their quaint and

intimate pictures of grim John Milton; Poe's "Tales of Mystery and Imagination," with an introduction by Padraic Colum; Jules Verne's famous and bewildering tale "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea"; and Florence Converse's romance of the England of Chaucer and Langland, "Long Will." Here is a variety which attests the broad scope of the Library.

S. MacNaughtan's "The Expensive Miss Du Cane" instantly challenges comparison with two other stories. Mr. F. J. Stimson's "In Cure of her Soul," and Miss Cecily Hamilton's "Diana of Dobson's," in which a poor girl, by lavish expenditure of money coming into her hands by chance, secures an opportunity to masquerade as a lily of the field, but it is much more agreeable than either of its predecessors. The American author found the substance of his story in real life, and it is said that Miss Hamilton was similarly fortunate; both of their heroines desired to shine in society to which they had no natural right to be admitted, and curiosity was the warmest sentiment which either of them could evoke. Miss Du Cane, apparently condemned by her widowed mother's foolish second marriage and chronic bad health to a life of obscure drudgery, contrives, by the help of an influential friend, to secure an annual respite of three months, during which she is a much desired and extremely well-dressed visitor at the houses of her friends, and spends every penny of her personal income. She is an altogether charming girl; gentle, unselfish, courteous, charitable, with a voice as beautiful as her face, and naturally Geoffrey Arkwright, who after some years of hard work has succeeded to a fortune large enough to support a bachelor, is much chagrined when he discovers that she is not the wealthy young person indicated by her dress and by her habits as far as he knows

them. He behaves according to his kind and she according to hers, and their friends the guests at a country house play chorus. The company is remarkable; each one a twentieth century type and none profligate. It is good to find a British writer who can believe in the possibility of such a group, and very good to note that his book is far more attractive than the scores which mimic the Lettered Elizabeth. E. P. Dutton & Co.

If Mr. Lauchlan Maclean Watt's "Attic and Elizabethan Tragedy" were shorn of its long translated and quoted passages its bulk would be greatly diminished and it might be more effective with those fully qualified to judge of its subject matter, but the presence of these passages opens the book to all readers of English, so ample are they and so well interpreted. The volume is about equally divided between its two topics, the two developments of the drama being conceived by the author to originate in similar circumstances, among races for the time at least resembling one another in passions, feelings and hopes and in the high subjects towards which their thoughts were turned. The tragedies of the Atreidae, the Labdacæ and of the Heracleidae are taken in groups, and the few on miscellaneous topics are set in separate chapters. Shakespeare occupies nearly all the space allotted to the Elizabethans although Mr. Watt renders due homage to the pathetic shade of Marlowe, dead ere his prime, and sketches both Peele and Greene with feeling and taste. Summary the book has none, nor can it be thought to need any, for its subjects are sufficiently linked by the introduction, and the cursory verification of the principles therein enunciated is ample. Mr. Watt's translations or paraphrases, as he truly calls them, are great improvements on many accepted versions. E. P. Dutton & Co.

